

The Nation.

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The Week.

The award of the Nobel prize of \$40,000 to Theodore Roosevelt is a proper recognition of his success in bringing about peace between Russia and Japan. This is the finest of President Roosevelt's achievements, and the one for which he should be longest remembered. In every land this award will be applauded, nowhere, however, more warmly than in this country, which is a sharer in the honor to its Chief Magistrate. With admirable public spirit and tact he has decided to devote the money to the cause of industrial peace. The prize will also, we trust, modify his own conventional ideas about the necessity of being armed to the teeth, and will set his thoughts more strongly than heretofore in the direction of amity between nations. At the coming Hague Conference he has a unique opportunity to startle the world by humanitarian proposals of disarmament; he is peculiarly in a position to lead in some long step toward relieving the poor of Europe from the crushing burdens of militarism.

President Roosevelt often speaks and acts as if in his conception an efficient government is that of a benevolent autocrat—not a mere executive, checked by a legislature and a judiciary, and hemmed in by rigid laws. When routine administration under law allows perpetration of a wrong, he would step in, *deus ex machina*, and make the cause of virtue triumph. This notion of his has never been displayed more clearly than in his special message to Congress asking authority to dismiss naval officers whenever he sees fit. The case which has incited him to this extraordinary step is that of a paymaster who, becoming drunk at a dinner in a Yokohama hotel, on May 9, 1905, behaved indecently in the presence of a number of ladies. When this officer was tried in January, 1906, the court-martial plainly came short of duty, for, instead of dismissing him, it merely reduced him to the foot of the list of paymasters and prescribed a public reprimand. In human institutions such failures are inevitable. "I think there is no danger that this power would be abused," says Mr. Roosevelt, in making his request for absolute authority. His consciousness of his own rectitude is thus only surpassed by his confidence in his unknown successors. Moreover, he wrote this message at the very moment when thousands of Americans were

warmly protesting because he had ended the military careers of 150 innocent soldiers, because he could not get hold of "from nine to twenty" guilty men. This was so grave an error that it may fitly be characterized as an abuse of power. The President, too, has plainly neglected the naval officers' point of view. The law to which he objects was demanded by the army and navy jointly as security that officers should be deprived of life commissions only by due process of law. And why not the Army if the Navy? And the Revenue Marine? If executive dismissal will extirpate all evil growths, why limit it to the Navy?

The Secretary of the Navy recants this year his last year's belief that we have warships enough, and he thinks it well to have two more battleships. His change of mind is due to the failure of certain expectations that foreign nations would limit their fleets, and to another mysterious reason, no reference to which shall slip from his pen. The rest of his annual report is of interest because it endorses highly the recommendation of the Personnel Board, which has been sitting all summer with a view to regulating the flow of promotion; and because it favors also a radical reorganization of the Navy Department. A more sweeping change in the corps of officers has never been proposed at any one time, unless it be the amalgamation of the line and the engineers. In urging a reorganization of the Navy Department, Mr. Bonaparte favors placing all the bureaus which have to do with *matériel* under one head and those relating to the personnel under another. The first group will comprise the bureau of yards and docks, equipment, construction and repair, steam engineering, and ordnance. In the other will be the office of the Chief of the Navigation Bureau, the Surgeon-General, Paymaster-General, Commandant of the Marine Corps, and the Superintendent of the Naval Academy. From the point of view of business method and fighting efficiency, much is to be said in favor of the suggested change. But the heads of these two sections will have enormous power—much greater than that of the present Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, who, in the eyes of many officers, has had far too much control over the destinies of individuals.

The annual reports of the Secretary of the Treasury have long been largely given up to discussion of the currency and exposition of projects of reform. Nothing, in fact, could better prove the hodge-podge character of our past finan-

cial legislation, as a whole, than the fact that, for nearly half a century, the annual Treasury reports have almost without exception advocated a change in existing law. Secretary Shaw, in his first report, 1902, argued for a banknote currency based on general assets, remarking that he did not believe it necessary to make the currency thus issued a first lien on assets, and that the new plan "would not preclude the continuance of the present national bank currency." A year ago, he proposed additional issues of banknotes, equal to 50 per cent. of outstanding bond-secured circulation, but subject to a tax of 5 or 6 per cent., with a view to early redemption when no longer needed. Since Secretary Shaw's report of 1905, committees of the New York Chamber of Commerce and the American Bankers' Association, have, as we noted on November 22, joined in formulating a plan which includes the main principles of these Treasury propositions. But now the Secretary seems to have abandoned his currency reform plan of a year ago, and the modification of it proposed by the bankers, in behalf of a plan of sheer paternalism in the money market. He revives the ideas which he has enunciated from time to time regarding bank reserves, and their regulation in the discretion of the Treasury. In this view he is, we think, governed by wholly erroneous notions of the money market, which lead him to a mischievous inference as to the proper functions of the Treasury. His fundamental argument seems to be that Wall Street call money rates of 25 or 50 per cent. are evils *per se* and unnecessary evils at that; therefore, the banks ought to combine to suppress them, and if the banks will not do so, the Treasury ought to intervene. For ourselves, this strikes us as sitting on a safety valve. Mr. Shaw's ideas on paternalism in finance are summarized in this extraordinary paragraph from his report, which we reprint without further comment:

If the Secretary of the Treasury were given \$100,000,000 to be deposited with the banks, or withdrawn as he might deem expedient, and if in addition he were clothed with authority over the reserves of the several banks, with power to contract the national bank circulation at pleasure, in my judgment no panic as distinguished from industrial stagnation could threaten either the United States or Europe that he could not avert.

The United States Civil Service Commission, in its annual report, confirms the press dispatches regarding the difficulties of the Government in filling its competitive positions. People still take the examinations, it appears, but from

40 to 60 per cent. of the highest eligibles on the various lists decline appointments. "The Government cannot hope to compete with private employers," says the Commission, "unless it pays salaries that measure up fairly well to the standard of private business." In order to make Government positions more attractive, a bill has been introduced increasing the salaries of civil employees by 10 per cent. The complaint of this class does not, however, come alone. Congress is coming to the point of raising the salaries of its own members. A Cabinet officer has embodied in his annual report an allusion to the inadequacy of his pay. Generally speaking, there is not a man in public position, high or low, who does not make a convincing demonstration that, on a basis of the private demand for like services, he ought to receive more than he does. Logically, we should expect the announcement that the Government machinery is inadequately manned. Yet the specifications in regard to the present labor famine are not alarming. To say that Government salaries have not been adjusted to meet the present cost of living, is merely stating one of their shortcomings. They have not properly been adjusted at all. Most of them "just grewed." And the man really to be pitied is not the ambitious outsider, whether he be a candidate for a Cabinet post or a rural free delivery route, but the sheltered clerk who entered the service in the days when the salary looked larger, and to-day can neither have it enlarged nor summon the initiative to go elsewhere.

The Isthmian Canal Commission announced on Saturday a "postponement" till January 12 of the opening of bids for the completion of the Panama Canal. This is the officially optimistic way of confessing that no bids had been received, and that none would be received by the date originally fixed, December 12. Moreover, it is stated that "certain changes" in the form of contract are to be made. These are due, it is explained, to the suggestions of "a number of contractors." This again is the polite way of saying that the old form of contract was impracticable. Among the sweeping alterations now to be made in this contract, which last summer was flawless and would be changed to suit no one, are: (1) Reduction in the amount of the bond required; (2) relief of the contractor from liability for defective material, throwing upon the Government the expense of replacing any that may be discovered; (3) a Government guarantee to cover fluctuations in the wage scale on the Isthmus; and (4) a stipulation by the Government that no contractor shall be held in loss on account of faulty engineering data. This last point is crit-

ical and ominous. Prospective bidders, it is admitted, have been so disturbed by the engineering uncertainty of the plans adopted by the Government, that they would not undertake the work without a guarantee that the Treasury should stand the loss, if any resulted from that cause. It is understood that these technical doubts relate mainly to the borings for the great Gatun dam, and to the construction of three locks in flight at that point. How serious is the latter difficulty, may be seen by running over the testimony of various engineers before the Senate Committee last spring.

A "standpat" Congress refused last year to allow the free entry of Canadian lumber for the rebuilding of San Francisco. Therefore, Oregon and Washington have been drawn upon for the exceptional demand. But the American tonnage—which alone can carry freight from one American port to another—is so inadequate that rates have already risen from \$5 or less to \$9 per thousand feet, with a prospect of \$10. Meanwhile, there lies idle an abundance of first-class foreign shipping. These foreign ships cannot carry lumber to San Francisco under their present register, nor can American capital buy them and apply them in this vitally necessary work. The only practicable plan is explained by the *Portland Oregonian*, in the case of the British steamship *Duneric*. This vessel has been chartered by Portland capital, and will be sent to British Columbia, there to load with lumber for San Francisco, at freight rates of \$6 per thousand feet, which, plus the duty of \$2, will still be less than the charge for carrying native lumber from Portland to San Francisco under the American flag. If it were a case of foreign-owned freight-car or wagon or wheelbarrow, Americans would simply buy and use it. But as it is a ship, it must be sent first round Robin Hood's barn, and, after all, deliver lumber not cut in American mills.

The promotion of John W. Riddle, now Minister to Rumania and Servia, to be Ambassador to Russia, is thoroughly deserved. He never gave large sums to the Republican campaign chest, or owned a newspaper, or wielded great political and social influence; hence he will be, among our Ambassadors, almost in a class by himself. "Because he represents the simple life," is one reason now given for his appointment. A far better one is that he has worked his way up from a secretaryship by sheer merit. A remarkable linguist, devoted to the diplomatic service in which he has now been a round dozen years, he has shown conclusively that the United States can get men of the right type to fill the entire diplomatic service.

just as soon as it offers a permanent career and pays suitable salaries.

The Pope's seeming rejection of all compromise with the French Government on the question of Separation has undoubtedly precipitated as grave a crisis as any Ministry has been compelled to face since the establishment of the Third Republic. Should the deadlock turn out to be as obstinate as would appear from the declarations of both the Vatican and the Cabinet, the country would be confronted by civil dissension at a time when external relations are enough of themselves to cause the Government much anxiety. Yet it is the very necessity of maintaining the country's position in the present delicately adjusted balance of European politics that may impel the French Government to find means for avoiding actual war with the Church, while maintaining the Separation Law in its substance. Nor is the Church bent on actual violence. So far as may be gathered from conflicting dispatches, the resistance of the French Catholics is to be passive in nature. It is said that "parish priests, vicars, etc., must remain passive, and may not coöperate in any act of sequestration; but if the bishop considers that the refusal of the treasurers to surrender the keys may cause grave consequences, he can permit them to do so." And, again: "Bishops may authorize Catholic officials to participate in sequestrations, if the refusal would endanger positions necessary for the maintenance of their families." Neither side, we believe, should be desirous to provoke a collision—the Government, because crises often mean ministerial changes, and the Vatican, because a religious war, in the present temper of the country, would not redound to the permanent interests of the Catholic Church. It is significant that the Pope's decision should have been withheld till the new French law was on the point of going into effect. Such high dignitaries as Archbishop Lecot of Bordeaux and Cardinal Richard were allowed to put forward measures of compromise which they are now compelled to repudiate. The Government may find this summary overriding of the peaceful efforts of French ecclesiastics by the Curia a powerful weapon in the campaign against foreign dominance in French affairs.

One Ministry after another falling on the anti-clerical issue, the King alarmed, and the people on the verge of riotous outbreaks—such is the news from Catholic Spain. Yet signs of a political movement against the privileges of the Church have long been visible. It is not only the Republican or anarchistic element, as in Catalonia, that has now to be reckoned with; there is evidently a deep and widespread feeling that the

civil power must assert itself against the ecclesiastical. The intellectual alienation from the Church has long been evident in Spain, and, of late, the antagonism has seemed to be striking down. One recalls the popular excitement which Galdós's mildly anti-clerical play, "Electra," provoked. The large sale and vogue of a tirade against the Church which its author, Ibañez, called a novel and published under the title "La Catedral," had a similar ominous significance. That the political result will be some form of legislation directed at the prerogatives of the Church, along the lines of the French law, though probably not so extreme, now appears to be certain.

Sharp differences of opinion at the congress of Italian Socialists lately held at Rome were taken by many as a sign of weakness and break-up. But a writer in the *Nouvelle Revue* asserts that the result was really a triumph for the moderates. There is a party of reform which constitutes the Right. It preaches the emancipation of the proletariat by means of education and instruction. It does not advocate any particular political régime, but opposes clerical influence, urges the reduction of the military establishment, and favors universal suffrage. The "Syndicalists" compose the Left. They seek to propagate revolutionary collectivism; they advocate the general strike, and demand the substitution of "an armed nation" for the present standing army. The Centre is represented by the "Integralists," who seek to compose the differences between the extremes. At the congress, however, the Syndicalists were defeated by a coalition of the two other parties. The programme upon which these agree puts social reform above political agitation, and this distinguishes them from the earlier Republicans, who believed that a change in the form of government was of the first importance. During the last twenty years there has been a rapid development of Socialism in Italy, due, according to the writer in the *Nouvelle Revue*, to the wretched condition of the working people, especially in the south and in the agricultural districts. But it happens to be in the north that Socialism has been most successful. As was pointed out fifteen years ago by Leroy-Beaulieu, the socialistic unrest in Italy really arises from the fact that there has been great improvement in the condition of the working classes, and the reforms already accomplished make them eager to achieve larger results.

An aspect of socialistic experiments, often overlooked, is brought forward by F. T. Bullen in the London *Spectator*. The common notion is that public relief works, old-age pensions, support for

people who are out of employment, and similar socialistic enterprises, take money from the rich and give it to the poor—a blessed levelling of inequalities. Not so, says Mr. Bullen. The rich are not the chief sufferers from these attempts at equalizing, "but the large and almost unconsidered class of workers, just kept on the weather side of want by incessant work." These are the people who feel the pinch of increased taxes, an increase that is distributed through the community in a rise of rents, as well as in the price of all the necessities of life. "I have heard Lady Warwick assert at a banquet," adds Mr. Bullen, "that it was the duty of the state to feed and clothe as well as educate every child of the poor, and I longed to ask her what she understood by the state." She evidently had in mind the people of wealth; but Mr. Bullen argues that in London the state means "the humble workers who are willing and industrious, and who dread the pauperization of themselves or their children more than death, yet who are gradually crushed down into that bottomless pit by the ever-growing burden of rates expended by utterly irresponsible men of the type of Mr. Will Crooks and Mr. George Lansbury, and women like Lady Warwick." In this country we have not gone so far; but many persons of fine humanitarian impulses, who sympathize deeply with the miseries of the poor, urge us to follow the example of New Zealand, Australia, Germany, and England. But before casting their votes for such policies, they should examine the problem more deeply and discover the ultimate incidence of the taxes for their well-meant projects.

German colonial affairs have inevitably taken much of the time of the Reichstag's present session, and the recent six days' debate put the Government to its trumps. Fortunately for its prestige, it had already begun to clean house; and the new Director of the Colonial Bureau, Bernhard Dernburg, was able to present his plans and achievements so vigorously as to demolish many of the criticisms directed against him and his office. Von Bülow stood by his new subordinate with all possible loyalty, and the result is distinctly a triumph for the Government. The gravest accusations of cruelty and mismanagement were made by Bebel and by Herr Roerens, one of the leaders of the Centre. The latter produced, as proof of barbarity, a heavy cane which in one colony had been used in beating the natives. Over this aspect of the colonial failure Herr Dernburg was fain to glide easily; nor would it be just to hold him responsible for the misconduct of men appointed by his predecessors. Yet the need of reform in the treatment of the natives neither Herr Dernburg nor

any one else can deny; in this respect the German colonial record is black, and Bebel's assertions are not to be brushed aside with a mere charge of exaggeration.

The most significant passage in Jacob H. Schiff's plea at the Zionist mass-meeting, in this city Sunday night, was addressed to the secret agents of the Russian Government, of whose presence in the meeting the speaker felt convinced:

I say to you, is it any wonder that the Jews in Russia have become revolutionists? It is not himself that has made the Jew a revolutionist; it is the Russian Government.

This is a clear admission that the Jews in Russia have become revolutionary. There has always been a pronounced tendency to slur over the part played by Jews in the present Russian disorders, with the benevolent object, no doubt, of representing them as the innocent victims of a murderous autocracy. Especially after the different pogroms, the sympathetic press has been at pains to refute all stories as to the responsibility of Jewish revolutionaries for the outbreak of massacre. It is true that the victims are for the most part innocent and inoffensive, but it is no service to their cause to evade the fact that the Russian Jews are the main support of the revolution, and the most dangerous enemies of the existing régime. This only serves to bring out in a clearer light the iniquities of a system that has driven an entire people to desperate resistance, not only Jewish socialists and agnostics, but even that large part of the race which is capable of cherishing so idealistic a dream as Zionism.

Increase in the consumption of absinthe is causing some uneasiness in Europe. In Belgium, a law has lately been passed forbidding its manufacture, importation, transportation, or sale. A similar measure was adopted in the Canton of Vaud, by a popular vote. The Catholic Congress of Fribourg passed resolutions approving this Swiss initiative. In the *Journal des Débats*, Dr. Daremberg states that in 1884 France consumed absinthe to the amount of 49,335 hectolitres; in 1894, 125,078, and in 1904, 207,929. It is said that the absinthe habit prevails especially among the younger literary folk; but it is spreading rapidly among business men. The habit increases the liability to tuberculosis, for most patients in the consumptive hospitals in France have been absinthe-drinkers. The subject is one of interest in the United States also; for during the last twenty-five years there has been a considerable increase in absinthe drinking here; it is usually taken in the form of vermouth, which is an infusion of absinthe in white wine.

ROOSEVELT VS. STORER.

If an old judge of Chancery were to sum up this case, he would begin by saying that it never should have been taken into court. It is the kind of personal squabble which is occasionally aired in public, but which the principals, especially if they are high in office, should scrupulously hide from the gaze of the curious. Many of the letters should obviously not even have been written; the thought of publishing them should have filled all parties to the controversy with dismay. The President truly says that this rushing into print with private correspondence is "a peculiarly ungentlemanly thing," although he thereupon proceeds to quote personal letters of Mrs. as well as Mr. Storer. Mr. Storer and his wife displayed shocking taste—the point of diplomatic propriety never seems to have occurred to them—and the lamentable thing is that Mr. Roosevelt did not concede them a monopoly of it. By such a course his personal and official dignity would have been much better conserved. As it is, Americans are mortified, and foreigners are aghast at this exhibition of official manners.

The correspondence is out, however, and attentive reading of it shows that, on the merits of the public controversy (as distinct from the personal wrangling) some points are scored by each side. Mr. Roosevelt is able easily to put Mr. Storer in the wrong in the matter of the letter to "Dear Bellamy" of January 29, 1904. It was not a condonation of the Vatican intrigues, as Mr. Storer asserted; the President clearly proves that the "closed incident" was a different affair altogether.

In other respects, the President comes off badly. His indiscretion was amazing. He writes a letter to Mrs. Storer, which he himself afterwards confesses was filled with imprudences, and in it says to her, "While I would not like to have this letter published, you are most welcome to show it to any one you see fit." That was the letter in which he railed at "Protestant fanaticism." In another one, he paid his respects to "Methodist clergymen of the fool type." To put such phrases at the disposal of a woman like "Dear Maria," was giving dynamite to a child for a plaything. It was not long before Mr. Roosevelt was alarmed to hear that Rampolla had copies of his letters. At once he wrote in a tremor to Mrs. Storer, "I did what I ought not to have done in writing you that letter. . . . Can you not reclaim any copy of my letter?" Afterwards this grew into a demand: "I must ask you to return to me all of my letters in which I have spoken on any of these ecclesiastical subjects." But the mischief had already been done.

The President's angling for the Catholic vote also appears unpleasantly in this correspondence. His admiration for

Archbishop Ireland was plainly mingled with hope of political support. "You may be interested to know," he writes from Albany in 1900 to Catholic Mrs. Storer, "of the large percentage of Catholics . . . whom I have placed upon the various important commissions in this State." Later, he said that he had "accumulated an enormous quantity of Catholic intimacy. I do not think it is exactly support; it is rather a desire to be supported." With all this, it is not strange that Mr. Storer came to imagine that the President's interest in the promotion of Archbishop Ireland was largely political, or that he should have written anxiously in 1904: "In 1896 and 1900 we got perhaps more than half of the votes of the members of my Church. Are we going to keep them?"

The worst single blow that the President gets in this unhappy dispute is where he directly raises an issue of personal veracity. Mr. Storer had asserted that, in 1903, at Oyster Bay, "the President said to me that if I went to Rome he would like to have me see the Pope, and say to him in person that the Archbishop was his friend, and that he would be pleased to hear that he had received the honor of promotion to the Cardinalate." This the President roundly denies. He says that it is "not only an untruth, but an absurd untruth." Mr. Storer, however, has a corroborating witness—no less a person than Archbishop Ireland himself. The Archbishop wrote to Mrs. Storer of an interview which he had, shortly after, with Mr. Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, and explicitly declared:

The President said to me, "Mr. Storer has told you what I said to him about you, Archbishop?"

I replied, "I do not remember—"

"About his going to Rome?"

I said, "No."

"Well," he said, "I told him I would not write a letter to the Pope asking for honors to you, but I said that he could go to Rome and say, *viva voce*, to the Pope how much I wish you to be Cardinal, and how grateful I personally would be to him for giving you that honor."

The whole is a mournful affair. If the President has any more of this dirty linen in his basket, we hope that Taft can be made to sit on the cover. A democratic people is not too fastidious, but it does want those whom it honors to observe the common proprieties of private and public life. The incident may give fresh reason to apply to the President the description which Froude gave in his "Caesar" of the younger Cato:

No one ever suspected him of dishonesty or corruption. But his excellences were not of the retiring sort. He carried them written upon him in letters for all to read, as a testimony to a wicked generation. . . . And no one was permitted to differ from him without being guilty rather of a crime than of a mistake.

THE POOR OLD CONSTITUTION.

In his annual message, President Roosevelt recommended two Constitutional amendments; and many persons are complaining that the Constitution is as worn out as the stockings of Martinus Scriblerus, or at any rate requires, as much patching. In the last *Atlantic*, Dean Melville M. Bigelow, of the Boston University Law School, holds that the Constitution does not permit the successful prosecution of corporation criminals. "Framed in the atmosphere of the eighteenth century," he alleges that it "turns the prosecution into a mock suit." His position is not unlike that of the editors of the *Yale Review*, who asked, in their November issue, the question:

Have we not reached the point at which we should frankly acknowledge that some details of the Constitution are no longer adapted to modern conditions, and instead of pursuing the demoralizing policy of changing it by construction, should openly and distinctly consider the question of amendment?

There's the preliminary rub. Even granting that Constitutional amendments may be desirable, the difficulty of securing them is practically insuperable. It took the great passion of the Civil War to carry through the last ones adopted, and reasonable men have given up hope of seeing others written into the organic law, unless some new national emergency, or agony, shall furnish the pen. The elaborate machinery of amendment, or repeal, was intended to provide against too easy change; and it does so effectually and, we think, wisely. Congressman John Sharp Williams read a pointed lesson, the other day, to his fellow-Southerners who have been prophesying smooth things about getting the Fifteenth Amendment repealed. He told them with great plainness of speech that, if they were sincere in their glib talk, they were living in a fool's paradise, since there were practical as well as moral obstacles in their way which they could not possibly surmount. Even in so powerful and popular a movement as that for the direct election of United States Senators, the tendency is now all away from a Constitutional Amendment, and in the line of political remedy. By making Legislatures in practice merely agents to record the will of the people in the election of Senators, like the Electoral College in the election of President, the country may go directly to the desired result without the long struggle and hope deferred of an attempt to amend the Constitution.

This fertility of political resource in the American people, so often shown in making the old form fit the new need, is one of the consolations we may have in the possession of a "rigid" Constitution. But even making no allowance

for that, is our plight so grievous as some would have us think? Are the faults of which people complain so much in the Constitution itself, as in the failure of Congress to make full use of the powers granted by the Constitution? No Constitution is self-executing. It is "the laws made in pursuance thereof" that do the business. And if the Federal statutes do in any respect fail of the great purpose "to establish justice," we should apply to law-makers before calling upon Constitution-tinkers.

There seems to be no doubt, for example, that penal legislation by Congress could be made to meet the defects in the Federal prosecution of crime to which Dean Bigelow refers. Congress can define the crime, and fix its punishment. It can bestow jurisdiction; provide for the expediting of cases; extend or refuse immunity to witnesses. Weaknesses which are found in the statutes enacted one year, can be cured the next. Thus we have had the imprisonment clauses put back into the Elkins Anti-Rebate act; and though the benevolent Senator from West Virginia was positive in 1903 that no convictions could be had if the guilty were liable to go to jail, to jail some men have since gone under that law. They have found that the Constitution of the United States was not a worn-out and moth-eaten document.

It is, of course, for the purpose of obtaining uniform legislation throughout the States on the subjects of labor in factories, education technical and general, child labor, marriage and divorce, and so on, that the chief demands for Constitutional amendment arise. But the eager amenders overlook three things: (1) the great advantage of the varied and experimental laws of the separate States; (2) the fact that differences in social and economic conditions may warrant differences between State laws; and (3) the power we have of coming to practical agreement and efficient uniformity without depriving the States of their local control. It is now common to call State laws "a chaos of conflicting statutes"—to use the President's phrase. But keen students of comparative legislation, like Prof. A. V. Dicey, still think of them as most valuable and instructive. It is a cock-sure legislator who should want his notions made universally binding, without first giving them a trial, in different forms, in different localities. And the penchant for making all Americans exactly alike would, if given free scope, destroy that deep unity under surface variety which has hitherto been our glory. Our ideal of national education, for example, is not that of the French Minister of Public Instruction, whom Matthew Arnold interviewed, and who drew out his watch and said: "At this moment, every child in France is studying dec-

imal fractions." As even President Roosevelt admits, referring to laws regulating the labor of children and of women: "Each State must ultimately settle the question in its own way."

This does not mean, however, that we may not have humane movements and associations, overlapping State boundaries, and endeavoring to work out a national consensus of a sort which enlightened States may write into their laws. Many such exist, and their influence is daily widening. In congresses for divorce reform, and conferences for the protection of children, and other bodies of the kind, there really lies more hope of permanent moral and legal betterment than in all the complaints about a Constitution outworn.

THE TARIFF AND TAXES.

The more one thinks of President Roosevelt's suggestion of new taxes, the more unfortunate does it seem that he had nothing to say about the abolition of old ones. Historically and logically, the income tax goes with the remitting of tariff taxes. This was the rationale of Mr. Gladstone's famous first budget of 1853. He struck off a large number of existing taxes. They were oppressive, in that, like the soap-tax, for example, they bore more heavily upon the poor than the well-to-do. Other taxes fettered trade. To enable him to remove them, while lightening the load of taxation in other ways, was Gladstone's great object in imposing the income tax. He plainly stated his plan to be one for wiping out grievous and unequal taxes, and at the same time for expanding commerce.

Such was also, roughly, the purpose of the income tax in our own tariff of 1894. The aim was to lift the load of indirect and demoralizing tariff taxes; to strike off as many as possible of the tariff chains upon industry and trade; and to make good the resulting deficit in the revenue by levying an income tax. Viewed in that light, the process is rational. It makes the income and inheritance taxes appear, not as a socialistic device to reduce "swollen fortunes," but as a means of cutting away swollen privileges—bloated monopolies built up under the tariff. In the hands of a thoroughgoing tariff-reformer, the proposal of such taxes has a direct relation to the legitimate ends of Government at which he aims. Congressman James Breck Perkins of this State, for instance, who has introduced a bill for a national inheritance tax, had before declared himself, Republican though he is, strongly in favor of tariff revision. This gives him an air of consistency as a taxer, and of sagacity as a statesman.

On the other hand, the levying of any new taxes without the repeal of some existing, and without careful adjust-

ment of fiscal policy to the needs of the country's trade, would be unwise from every point of view. The people are already overtaxed. The Treasury surplus is too large, whether considered as so much money locked up, or as a temptation to extravagant appropriations. With the Secretary estimating a surplus of \$58,000,000 in the next fiscal year, on the basis of present law, it would be preposterous to enact new taxes to swell it.

That there are vast unused resources of taxation at the disposal of the Federal Government is obvious. They fairly invite to a readjustment, with an eye to relieving the people who are most pinched, and to removing every needless weight from manufactures and commerce. If we had a system under which a Finance Minister could make a scientific budget, looking widely over the sources of revenue and drawing only upon those which would yield most with least injury, while fitting taxes nicely to the demands of trade, the situation which we offer would appeal mightily to a financial genius. One like Turgot or Stein or Gladstone would jump at the chance to reform our taxation, seize our trade opportunities, and increase our general well-being, all at one stroke.

Powerful external reasons, if we are not moved by the inherent injustice of some of our tariff taxes, impel us to take their revision promptly in hand. Something has got to be done to avert a tariff-war with Germany. Secretary Root is fully alive to that danger. If our experts whom he has sent over to confer with the German authorities, report that the only way out is for us to take a hack here and there at the sacred Dingley schedules, are the stand-patters to go on saying us nay? Then there is the new Canadian tariff, now before Parliament. It is to have a "preferential" rate of duty for goods coming from Great Britain; an "intermediate" rate to be accorded to countries which, in turn, lay only moderate tariff taxes on Canadian goods; and finally the general tariff much like the existing. That there is in this a hint of retaliation against the United States is plain; but there is also a clear invitation to us to make tariff reductions of our own, and to secure the benefit of the intermediate rates in Canada. That this would mean a large increase in Canadian trade is admitted by the protectionists across the border. They are, by the way, after the fashion of their kind, disappointed that Minister Fielding did not make the general tariff higher, so that manufacturers now in this country would be compelled to locate their factories in Canada.

From the silence of the message, it would seem that President Roosevelt is blind to the tariff signs of the times. But the vigorous movement in Congress,

within his own party, to have an extra session called in the spring for the purpose of trimming our tariff sails be- times to the winds that will soon be blowing, should open his eyes. An old free-trader himself, and a President who talked tariff-reform pretty vigorously in 1902, until he found that other issues could be worked to greater political advantage, he may yet, it is to be hoped, see how his plans for direct taxation require sweeping modification of the indirect and unjust tariff taxes, and some day send to Congress his long-suppressed tariff message.

GEOGRAPHY AND DIPLOMACY.

The British Foreign Office decided, a short time ago, to abandon geography as one of the required examination subjects for entrance into the diplomatic and foreign service. In commenting on this action, Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, is reported to have said that, "although a knowledge of geography is no doubt very useful, it is a subject with which men of general education are generally acquainted, and which is easily acquired after entry into the service." Against this view, Sir George Goldie, President of the Royal Geographical Society, vigorously protests in a letter to the *London Times*. To show how vague the geographical ideas even of trained diplomatists may be, he narrates the following incident:

A good many years ago a territorial arrangement with France was in discussion, and I was invited to consider it. The French proposals appeared to the Foreign Office satisfactory. On examination I found that they were expressed, as might have been expected, in longitudes reckoned from the meridian of Paris, while the map with which our Foreign Office were considering the proposals was made in Germany and reckoned its longitudes from the meridian of Greenwich. The arrangement in question was never completed.

What particular motive Sir Edward Grey may have had for dispensing with more than ordinary geographical knowledge in his subordinates, aside from that of economy, is hard to tell. Possibly he may have felt that as England had appropriated about all the desirable vacant spaces of the earth, the study of geography was no longer necessary to further Imperial interests. But even from a more serious standpoint, it is quite possible to justify the attitude of the British Foreign Office, while admitting that the position taken by the president of the Royal Geographical Society has also much in its favor. In brief, statesmen will probably acknowledge the importance of expert geographical knowledge, especially in such matters as colonial policy and administration, and will always be ready to call in specialists, like Sir George Goldie, to solve their problems for them—problems which they would not dare to trust to

the trained diplomatist whose personal information, with all best intentions, cannot be more than "general."

The "general" ideas of the ordinary man concerning the earth on which he lives, outside of the stretch of country between his home and his office, are not such as to inspire confidence. The exaggerated stories of Englishmen in New York, who, in the morning, plan to run over to St. Louis for lunch, have their basis in fact. And there is an equal amount of truth in Mark Twain's story of the distinguished scientist from New Zealand who once visited Yale University. The news of his coming set that institution in a flutter. The visitor must be received and dined and talked to about his native land; but the president of Yale was not quite sure of himself on New Zealand. So he called up in succession the teachers of geography, of geology, of astronomy, of moral philosophy, of fine arts, etc., and all pleaded ignorance of everything but a rather distinct impression that New Zealand was somewhere near Australia and that there was a bridge to cross. Irresponsible individuals do not alone sin in this way. An English encyclopedia, still in course of publication, speaks of an American statesman who "was born in Rhode Island and represented that island in the United States Senate"; and Brockhaus's "Konversations-Lexikon," which is regarded as the very rock of cyclopædic truth, in its map illustrating the distribution of animal life in North America, represents alligators as gayly sporting in the Ohio in the vicinity of Louisville. Whether the illusion was due to the neighborhood of the Kentucky shore, is not certain.

To most of us, indeed, the earth is still as flat as though Columbus had never sailed from Palos, and the relations and distances it reveals are often a shock. There are the Philippines, which we persist in regarding as lying just a step or two beyond Hawaii. There is South America, which, instead of lying decently south of North America, as its name would imply, persists in sticking out absurdly eastward into the Atlantic Ocean, so that a brick hurled due south by an enraged giant at Tampa, would skim right over Panama and plump into the Pacific. There is the Panama Canal itself, with its eastern terminus lying west of its western terminus. There is Cuba, which we instinctively locate somewhere southeast out in the Atlantic, though Havana lies nine degrees west of the meridian of New York.

To base diplomatic negotiations on such general "knowledge," Sir Edward Grey would probably admit to be unsafe. The difficulty, moreover, from the point of view of international politics, is intensified by the fact that nowadays it is not actual geographical distance that counts, but time. The Suez Canal, for

the statesman, upset the geography of Africa and Asia as no seismic catastrophe could have done; and, of course, the Panama Canal will do the same. What use is there in studying geography if the nearest way to Rio Janeiro from New York is by way of London? The diplomatists, in all negotiations where geographical relations enter, as, for instance, in the disposition of boundary disputes, and the like, will have to depend on the expert. For him a sufficient working rule is that all territory producing gold, rubber, coal, or nitrates lies on *our* side of the disputed line. To determine what that line should be, one can always dig up a favorable, early map or survey, or claim that the frontier runs along the crests of a mountain range instead of the actual watershed, or that it coincides with an old caravan route.

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

The unexpected death Sunday of Ferdinand Brunetière takes off the sturdiest fighter in a field regarded of serious importance in France, though little appreciated elsewhere. Literary criticism in Germany is likely to be either metaphysical or purely impressionistic; in America it is looked upon with suspicion, if not with resentment. The critic has a nasty fashion of caring more for truth than for easy enjoyment, and, like the madman who dreamt himself in the theatre, we prefer to revel in the mind's *gratissimus error*. But in France, until recently at least, literature has been considered a part of life, and the ideas of books are debated with violent enthusiasm. The old battle of the classicists and romanticists has become a part of history, and Gautier's *gilet rouge*, worn at the representation of "Hernani," is almost as famous as the red flag of the Commune.

The contest in which Brunetière played so valiant a part was only a continuation of that earlier debate. Romanticism had given birth to a numerous brood—naturalism, impressionism, and a swarm of lesser *isms*, already fading from memory. One and all, they were a rebellion against the principle of authority, which in England Pope had summed up in his oft-quoted couplet:

Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy Nature is to copy them;

and which Sir Joshua Reynolds had developed at length in his lectures on art. French classicism, in the mouth of Boileau, preached nature as vociferously as any modern naturalist; but it believed that the office of art was to discriminate what was good and bad in nature, and that the great masters of antiquity had once for all shown the way in this principle of selection. Hence the rules—the unities, the often-erroneous Aristotelianism, the epic law, and all the pro-

digious critical structure of Le Bossu and his British followers.

Now, naturalism simply repudiated the principle of selection, and so undermined the basis of authority. Whatever is in nature, is good; it is the duty of the artist to imitate whatever he sees without laying upon the world any standard of moral and æsthetic values. By the inevitable law of contradiction, such a man as Zola even came to a sort of inverse selection, and gloated over all that had been æsthetically prohibited. And naturalism is only a part of the larger doctrine—if doctrine it may be called—of impressionism. Man is the measure of all things, said the sophists of old, and their representatives, the impressionists of to-day; what one man thinks and feels is as good as what any other man thinks and feels, and any thought of a man is as good as any other thought. And here, too, by the same law of contraries, impressionism has gone to the opposite pole. In place of the man whose taste has been trained to distinguish and select, such disguised impressionists as Tolstoy set up the illiterate peasant as the ultimate criterion of art, and such a writer as Andrejev professedly finds the bonds of sympathy between man and man, and the theme of art, in the cruel, bestial instincts that humanity had been supposed to eliminate.

In France, impressionism had, and has, its critical champions. Renan was the high pontiff of the school, and his dissolving influence has, until recently, been enormously powerful for evil, not only in literature, but in politics and practical affairs. Later, Jules Lemaitre and Anatole France were the accomplished leaders, and never was the revolt from authority, the sophistry of moral indifference, the refinement of universal doubt, promulgated with such suavity and distinction. Despite their principles, both were scholars of trained taste, so that their doctrine captivated the public and never shocked. Their very grace made them the more dangerous. Against them and against what they stood for, M. Brunetière waged a relentless and bitter war. Seeing the danger in rebellion, he fell, himself, into the opposite extreme, and raised authority into an idol of oppression. The office of criticism, he said, is to praise what is personally distasteful to us—a hard saying and one that explains much in his later career.

For it must be admitted that M. Brunetière, the brave fighter, was, after all, half in the wrong himself. To raise the banner of pure authority to-day is to proclaim the battle lost in advance. It is in literature as in religion: we have grown skeptical of the past. In place of the authority of written codes, we need to have pointed out and explained to us those unwritten laws which are founded in man himself, and of which

the rules of the fathers are but the imperfect formulation. Unless a teacher, whether of religion or literature, can compel us to recognize the authority of those who have found a unity of taste and morals in the higher plane of our humanity, his enemy the impressionist will bring us to discover that common ground in a lower sphere.

With all his protests, the skepticism of the hour had so far invaded M. Brunetière's mind that he was unable to perceive and trust this inner law of authority. As a consequence, he grew with age more and more dependent on the mere voice of the past. He became a professed reactionary, and a servant of the Church. In his later years he turned the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of which he was editor, into a powerful organ in support of Rome and ecclesiasticism. Very curious in this respect was his report on the United States after his visit among us in 1897. He discovered that the providential mission and historical significance of this country had been to protect the Canadian Catholics against the oppression of British Protestantism!

As a literary critic, he had lost in grace by his reactionary step—grace, indeed, was never strong in him—and stiffened in his dialectic combativeness. It is too early to forecast positively his place in the future, but one may conjecture that, after the lapse of a little time, he will not be much read. His ideas, so far as they are valid, will gradually be taken over into the common body of criticism—his theory of the evolution of the *genres* has already attained such a position—while his lack of charm and personal magnetism will weigh down his own essays. Yet his name will be remembered and honored as of one who fought a good fight.

We cannot close without remarking on the singular propriety that brought M. Brunetière, the over-zealous apostle of authority, to end his days in the Catholic fold, and that converted Anatole France, the arch-impressionist, into an adherent of Socialism.

LITERARY ALLUSION.

Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale has brought up again an old complaint—that modern youth are painfully ignorant of the Bible as a piece of literature. The stories of freshmen unable to explain the simplest Biblical allusion in Tennyson or Browning, not to say Dryden and Shakspeare, are endless. The incidents are amusing or depressing, according as one takes them. But the inquiries of our professors of English might, we think, profitably be extended into other tracts of youthful literary ignorance. The Bible is only one of the masterpieces of the language with which our lusty young collegians would be found not to be on speaking

terms. Try them with an ordinary quotation or phrase from Shakspeare, and you will see on too many faces the look of dismay, combined with indignation, which all students feel entitled to exhibit when the professor asks a question to which he has not first supplied the answer. Like John Quincy Adams, they will find in Shakspeare's language "something strange," and think that his "uncommon words" sound "very affected."

In fact, the perils of literary allusion seem all the time to be thickening. We talk of the desirability of getting an occasional "literary feller" into public life, but how if we put him there and he makes speeches all adrip with literature, only to be misunderstood and misreported. An experience of this sort has more than once befallen Augustine Birrell since he became Minister for Education. As such, he has to do a good deal of speaking in the Commons and out; and, of course, being Mr. Birrell, his mouth he cannot open without there slips, if not a trope, at any rate a poetical citation or memory, or a reference to what some writer has said. Frequently, these things miss fire terribly with his audience or the reporters. Recently, for example, Minister Birrell was speaking of Chinese labor, and said that, if Goethe's word was true that this world is hell, then the British are large landed proprietors. This alone was too much for one London paper, which attributed to him the rather flat remark that the British are "large landed proprietors in South Africa." But Mr. Birrell went on to say that, granted a large ownership in a hell upon earth, it was their duty to improve their property; and he added that they must not be afraid "the characters of hell to trace." He had in mind, of course, the lines in Gray's "Bard":

Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.

But how does the reader suppose his allusion got into print? Why, the British public was told, in one report, that it "must not be afraid the cracks of hell to face"! The limitations of shorthand may have had something to do with this, but the limitations of literary knowledge surely much more.

This raises the question of disguised quotation, about which some people grow so hot. They insist that every allusion, every borrowed phrase, every jewel five words long with which a writer or speaker seeks to ornament his drab diction, ought to have danger-signals placed about it in the shape of " " so that the wayfaring man may not be deceived. This, of itself, we hold, is a sign of the growing unfamiliarity with English classics; cultivated people were not once so nervous lest they mistake what Milton or Shelley had said for your own pretty invention. The time has been when it was a delight to en-

counter in Scott's Journal or FitzGerald's Letters unavowed reminiscences of a Shaksperian turn or a Wordsworthian phrase. It seemed to give one a sense of moving at ease in well-bred society. But there is too much evidence that the thing has become an offence to many. Theirs is a new form of pedantry. If you chance to let run from your pen such words as the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea, these people will be down upon you at once with a charge of plagiarism. Why didn't you honestly say that you were quoting Matthew Arnold, and give the name of the poem and indicate the context? If it has got to that, we may as well confess with poor Mr. Tulliver that talking is "puzzling work."

And the unacknowledged quoter is often embarrassed as well as attacked. Witness an actual conversation which occurred not long since between an author and a lady:

She. "I have read your essay with the greatest interest. Some of your phrases have stuck in my mind, they were so felicitous."

He. "Ah, I am afraid you are flattering me. I really must doubt if you could quote one of those phrases."

She. "Oh, yes, I can! Near the beginning, you spoke of the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world. That seemed to me so true and so happily turned. You certainly have a great talent for suggestive combinations of words."

Now, what was the mortified author to do? Only one good thing in his essay, and that not his, but Wordsworth's! Such experiences go to show that the writer or speaker who would be really safe should conspicuously announce the fact that he is about to quote, or to make a literary allusion. Then everybody can turn up the thing in Bartlett and feel the due learned complacency.

THE PRAISE OF DICKENS.

If it ever seemed that the popularity of Dickens was waning, certainly there is no such appearance to-day. Publishers have been vying with one another in putting out his works in attractive form, and now Messrs. Chapman & Hall have begun to issue the National Edition in forty volumes, including many pieces never before collected, and designed in every way to be final and definitive. And all the while about his work there is going up a critical chorus of praise, mingling the long growl of Swinburne's bass, the flute-like melody of Mrs. Meynell, the jumping staccato of Mr. Chesterton, with I know not how many lesser notes.

Now, whatever may be said against Mr. Chesterton's ebullition of doubtful epigrams, at least he has in his study of Dickens (recently published by Dodd, Mead & Co.) avoided the too common error of choosing the weakest side of the novels for praise. Rightly he lays stress on the superb irresponsibility of Dickens's world, and the divine folly of his characters.

And again he stresses rightly the democratic nature of his genius: "Dickens stands first as a defiant monument of what happens when a great literary genius has a literary taste akin to that of the community. His power, then, lay in the fact that he expressed with an energy and brilliancy quite uncommon the things close to the common mind." I am inclined to think that in his analysis of this genuine, not condescending, democracy, Mr. Chesterton has found the real key to most that attracts and repels us in the novels; yet even here he has not quite escaped the malign influence that lies in wait for the critic of Dickens. Why must Mr. Chesterton imply on every page that great art is always, like that of Dickens, democratic? It is, on the contrary, a simple statement of fact to say that in practically all the living literature of the past the aristocratic temper has been predominant. Who, to take a single illustration, is not familiar with the outrageous contempt of the Elizabethan playwrights for the multitude whose taste they were in part compelled to conciliate? Walt Whitman knew this well enough, and divided literature into two great epochs, the aristocratic of the past, and the democratic which was to spring from his own example. Tolstoy knows it, and finds Shakspeare merely tiresome. Mr. Chesterton, with his own pungency of epithet, designates the democratic element in literature as the "pungent and popular stab," and finds that the universal test of what may be called popular, of the people, is whether it employs vigorously the extremes of the tragic and the comic. Undoubtedly in the judgments of the heart the people is right, and the maker of books serves himself from this source of power only to his own great peril. The demand for simple uncontrolled emotions, for clear moral decisions meting out happiness to the good and misery to the evil, the call for immediacy of effect and the direct use of the material of life—all this is the democratic soil from which literature must spring. Without this it lacks sap and the comfort of sweet reality. We feel the partial want of such a basis in the French classical drama, splendid as the work of that courtly age otherwise is.

Yet, there is an odd paradox connected with the emotional root of letters; while it alone gives life, it cannot keep alive. Racine has outlived and will long outlive all the merely popular dramas ever written; one can foresee the time, not far removed, when Milton will be more read than Bunyan; the enjoyment of Gray's poems already is wider and less artificial than the taste for ballads which sprang warm from the communal heart. The straightforward appeal to the passions, the pathos and humor of the moment, have a strange trick of becoming obsolete with the passing of time and the change of circumstances. The preservative of letters, what indeed makes literature, is the addition of all those qualities that, for the sake of comparison, we may call aristocratic—the note of distinction which is concerned more with form than with substance, the reflective faculty which broods over the problems of morality, the questioning spirit which curbs spontaneity, the zest of discrimination which refines broad effects to the nuance, the power of fancy which transforms the emotions into impersonal memories. In

a word, the aristocratic element denotes self-control, discipline, suppression.

Now discipline and suppression Dickens never acquired, whether in art or character. No writer of England ever underwent in his life so sharp a contrast of ignominy and celebrity, and the effect of either condition upon him is equally significant. Out of the shifting, and sometimes shift, scenes of his youth, one experience stands forth—his apprenticeship in a blacking factory, which he was later to describe as David Copperfield's bleak slavery in the bottling establishment of Murdstone & Grinby. He learned much in those dismal days—the foul spots of London, the slime of the river, the inside of Marshalsea prison (where his father was), the pawnshops, and grimy lodging-houses; but one thing he did not learn—the chastening of spirit that suffering is supposed to bestow. He came up from that descent into ignominious drudgery in a state of exacerbation which he never outgrew. The memory of it rankled in his mind, and he never forgave his mother for her willingness to abandon him to that unrelieved misery. In his art, he would describe the spectacle of poverty with enormous gusto, but the dull, aching resignation at the core of it and its discipline he left for others to lay bare.

A few years of miscellaneous occupation followed, as schoolboy, lawyer's clerk, and reporter, and then, in 1834, at the age of twenty-two, he began to publish the "Sketches of Boz." Two years later "Pickwick" opened its career in monthly numbers, and soon raised the author to an incredible pitch of popularity. Wealth came to him almost at a bound, while he was still little more than a boy, and overweening fame as it came to no other man, even in those days of sudden celebrity. And it cannot be said that the effect upon him was wholly agreeable. Magnanimous in many ways, no doubt he always remained, and lovable to a few people, even to Carlyle, who could write of him after his death as "the good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens—every inch of him an honest man"; but it is true, nevertheless, that his vanity was brought by all this egregious adulation to a state of unwholesome irritability. Applause could not reach him quickly enough and loud enough, and in the end he almost gave up authorship for the noisier excitement of public recitation. It is not only the waste of so splendid talents that we regret in this, but there is something distressful in the very thought of this great man brutalizing his face to the likeness of Bill Sikes, or mopping and mowing as Fagin, out of the mere craving for publicity.

Neither suffering nor prosperity brought him the one gift denied him at his birth, intellectual *pudor*, and the absence of that restraining faculty passed, as how could it help passing, into his work. To this cause must be partly attributed the absence in Dickens of that kind of tragedy which involves the losing contest of a strong man with destiny and his triumph through spiritual discipline. In place of tragic awe, he has rightly given us tears. I know that much of his pathos has grown stale with time, as that emotion is strangely apt to grow; yet here and there it still touches us in his stories as freshly almost as when they first came to the reader in monthly instalments; and, after

all, they are but of yesterday. Most of us may find Dora, the child-wife, anything rather than pathetic, but there are few who will withhold their tears from the death of Little Nell. Here is no conflict, no bitter and triumphant self-suppression; it is the picture of perfect meekness and gentleness fading flower-like in the breath of adversity. At his best there is a tenderness in the pathos of Dickens, a divine tenderness, I had almost said, which no other of our novelists has ever found. Who has been able to harden his heart when Copperfield, after the shame of Emily, talks with Mr. Peggotty and Ham on the seashore? And when the old man, being asked whether they will desert the stranded boat that has been their home, replies—

Every night, as reg'lar as the night comes, the candle must be stood in its old pane of glass, that if ever she should see it, it may seem to say, "Come back, my child, come back!" If ever there's a knock, Ham (partic'lar a soft knock), arter dark, at your aunt's door, doesn't you go nigh it. Let it be her—not you—that sees my fallen child!

And again there is the same touch of human delicacy when, in the presence of David, the broken girl, discovered at last, sinks in her uncle's arms: "He gazed for a few seconds in the face; then stooped to kiss it—oh, how tenderly!—and drew a handkerchief before it." The beauty of the gesture is all the finer because it follows the coarsely conceived and coarsely written interview with the impossible Rosa Dartle.

But, if his pathos too often failed from some fault of taste, his humor was incessant and sure. I do not mean the mere ludicrousness of situation—the amiable Mr. Pickwick caught at eavesdropping, or the dashing Mr. Winkle on horseback, although there is abundance of this, too, in Dickens that has not grown stale—but the deeper and more thoroughly English humor of character. He is a humorist in the manner of Ben Jonson and Smollett and Sterne and a long line of others—the greatest of them, it may be, and, alas that it should be so, the last; for with his followers, of whom Gissing is a type, a new spirit of sympathy enters, hostile to the old spontaneous joy. It was not for nothing that his favorite reading as a child and as a man was the great novel writers of the eighteenth century. From their hands he received the art which his genius was to develop in a hundred ways. Humors, as Walpole observed, are native to England, being the product of a government which allows the individual to develop without restraint. Quite as often, I should say, they are in reality the escape in one direction of faculties otherwise pent up and oppressed—the exaggeration of some whim or eccentricity until the whole demeanor of a man is dominated by it. Their very essence, at least as they come to us in art, is the pride of irrepressible life.

And in one particular, in what may be called the humor of trade, Dickens is supreme. Others have seen the fruitfulness of this theme. Indeed, as Hazlitt observes, "the chief charm of reading the old novels is from the picture they give of the egotism of the characters, the importance of each individual to himself, and his fancied superiority over every one else." We like, for instance, the pedantry of Parson Adams, who thought a schoolmaster the greatest

character in the world, and that he was the greatest schoolmaster in it." Or, if we come to Dickens's own day, there is such a pedantic humorist as the Gypsy, who communicated to Borrow the secrets of rat-catching, and "spoke in the most enthusiastic manner of his trade, saying that it was the best trade in the world and most diverting, and that it was likely to last for ever." These characters are common enough everywhere, but in Dickens they flourish with extraordinary exuberance. Who can name them all?—from old Jack Bamber, the lawyer's clerk in the "Pickwick Papers," with his doddering delight in the mouldering chambers and sordid tragedies of the Inns, to Durdles, the stone-cutter in "Edwin Drood," with his grotesque complacency "down in the crypt among the earthy damps there, and the dead breath of the old 'uns"—who can count them? What horror or pain or dull subjection can diminish their infinite zest in living? It has always seemed to me that Jasper's complaints in "Edwin Drood" about the cramped monotony of his existence and the need of subduing himself to his vocation were a species of treachery to the genius of his creator, a sign that the author's peculiar power was passing away, or, at least, suffering a change.

And this special quality of humor, shown by a man's exultation in his trade, leads to a trait of Dickens which might easily be overlooked. Commonly—always, I think, when most characteristic—he describes his people from the outside and not from within. Let us not be deceived by that "pungent and popular stab"; these emotions that touch us so quickly are not what the characters themselves would feel, but what Dickens, the great egotistic dramatic observer, felt while looking out upon them. This pathos is not the actual grief of one bewildered and crushed by circumstances; it is the yearning for tears, the *yeon tpepos* of the strong, impregnable heart. Do you suppose that Smike ever knew in his own breast the luxury of sorrow he gave to his creator and still gives to the reader? His misery, I fear, was of a dumber, grimmer sort.

And so with those characters that merge into the pedantry of humor, to repeat Hazlitt's happy phrase. It is the democracy of Dickens that called them into birth, no doubt, but something else entered into their composition in the end—the great joy of creation which made it impossible for the author to abide within their vexed circle. Possibly old Weller got such hilarious delight out of the misdoings of his wife and Stiggins as his words import, but what of a thousand weaker souls who hug their troubles and their evil? There is the ragged stoker in "The Old Curiosity Shop," who drags a romantic comfort from his sympathy with the cinders and the roaring furnace that have been his whole existence. There is "No. 20," who became so injured to the Fleet that within its walls was freedom and all without was prison. And there is the sublime Quilp, almost the highest stroke of the master. He is brother to all the spooks and goblins of the credulous past, a pure creature of fairyland. His trade is malice, and the sheer exhilaration of evil never received a more perfect expression. Wickedness in him, losing its sullen despair, is turned to amusing mischief. I cannot be persuaded that Mrs.

Quilp really suffered on that memorable occasion when she sat up all night, while her crooked lord smoked and imbibed grog; the pleasure of watching his leering eyes must have counteracted all sense of fatigue. In fact, we are told that she loved him to the end. It was unpardonable in Dickens to bring him to that fear and death in the slime of the river. Here he was misled by that other democratic instinct which demands the punishment of the malefactor, and if Dickens in creating Quilp had at all entered into the reality of evil, this tragic climax would have been appropriate. But Quilp, the gay magician of malice, who breathed fire and whose drink was boiling rum—to think of him perishing in the cold element of water! A mere novice could have contrived his taking off better. But it was notoriously the way of Dickens to bring his people to an impossible conclusion. Quilp he could drown, while of Micawber he made a dignified magistrate and of Traddles a prosperous lawyer.

So it is that the emotions in Dickens's work are quick to life, whereas, the people are external to us, if not unreal; to make the inevitable comparison, we seem to have known Dickens's characters, we have lived Thackeray's. And this, no doubt, accounts for the surprising diversity of judgments you may read in his admirers. Take the three critical studies that lie before me at the present moment—by Prof. A. W. Ward, Mr. Chesterton, and Gissing—and you will find them in a state of most bewildering disagreement. To Mr. Chesterton the epitaph of Sapsea on his wife is a bit of "beatific buffoonery," the true essential Dickens, whereas Gissing will none of it, and thinks it transcends the limits of art. Gissing can put no faith in Mr. Peggotty, whereas Professor Ward finds this whole episode of Emily and her uncle the most perfect part of the book. Only he would exclude Rosa Dartle, who, nevertheless, is to Mr. Chesterton one of Dickens's "real characters." Gissing rejoices to see Pecksniff in the end "felled to the ground," whereas Mr. Chesterton deems the penalty one of the peculiar blemishes in Dickens's dénouements. And so on through the list. Most astonishing of all, both Gissing and Professor Ward find special beauty in that story of David and his child-wife, Dora, which to most readers, certainly, is an utterly tiresome piece of mawkishness.

Now there has been no such divergence of opinion among the admirers of Thackeray or Scott or any other of the great novelists. And the reason for it in the case of Dickens is plainly this, that his characters are so constructed that they will not bear analysis. Probably most people would join in calling Sam Weller the finest conception in Dickens, as his humor is the least subject to the disillusion of repetition. And yet, can any one really believe, if to his peril he stops to reflect, that such a union of innocence and worldly knowledge ever existed in a single breast? These conflicting judgments mean simply that the critical faculty has been at its dissolving work, not steadily, but at intervals, destroying the illusion where it touched and leaving other parts untroubled. For there is a right and a wrong way to read, or at least to enjoy, Dickens, as I have in my own experience, if I may be allowed the egotism, emphatically

discovered. A number of years ago I was living in remote seclusion, where about the only novels at my command were a complete set of Dickens in the village library—if library it could be called. One day, being hungry for emotion, I started on these volumes, and read them through—read as only a starved man can read, without pause and without reflection, with the smallest intermissions for sleep. It was an orgy of tears and laughter, almost immoral in its excess, a joy never to be forgotten. Well, I have been reading the novels again, slowly now, and weighing their effect—and in comparison how meagre my pleasure is!

But the old way was the right way, I think, and he who opens his Dickens must be ready to surrender himself unreservedly to the magician's spell. And then, what a place is this into which he is carried! Who for any realism of art would exchange the divine impotence of a world inhabited by Mrs. Gamp, and Richard Swiveller, and the Marchioness, and Mark Tapley, and Major Bagstock, and Mantalini, and Mrs. Nickleby, and the fat boy—but the list is as endless as the master's hand was indefatigable. If one were asked to sum up in a single phrase the effect of all this mad variety of humors, one might call it the actual-visualization-and-evocation-into-life of that doctrine of Folly which Erasmus preached in his "Stultitia Laus," some four centuries ago. And this should be the motto for all the *Mystæ* who have been sealed into the fellowship of this secret knowledge: "Quod si mortales prorsus ab omni sapientia commercio temperant, ac perpetuo necum ætatem agerent, ne esset quidem ullum senium, verum perpetua iuventutæ fruerentur felices"; and again, "ut nihil est stultius præposterâ sapientiâ, ita perversa prudentiâ nihil imprudentius." Nothing, indeed, is more foolish than the preposterous wisdom, nothing more imprudent than the perverse prudence, which would withdraw a man from the untroubled fruition of all that Dickens has so bountifully provided. P. E. M.

THE HISTORICAL CONGRESS AT MILAN.

FLORENCE, November 12.

The First Historical Congress of the Risorgimento, which met last week at Milan, excited an unexpected interest in Italy, and served as a forum for discussions which may find an application at home. The Risorgimento, which has come to be accepted as the specific name for the movement by which Italy became free, independent, and united, is now recognized as a closed period, which lends itself with peculiar fitness to historical study. For Italians, it is the period of national birth, of the flowering of patriotism, of ideals and sacrifices and heroisms, and of the redemption of their race from political servitude and from moral and intellectual abasement. For strangers, the Risorgimento offers the most remarkable modern example of racial regeneration—a story beyond all others rich in romance and in dramatic contrasts, a stage on which many personages of striking features played their various parts and brought to a solution problems which had long tormented Europe. It has the three elements—characters, incidents, significance—which

make human history more important than the record of quadrupeds.

The Risorgimento closed in 1870 with the fall of the temporal power, and the creation of Rome as the national capital. Its beginning dates from the French Revolution, which broke up the old conditions, although Carducci would go back to 1749, the year when the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle took effect. The new generation which has grown up since 1870 has devoted itself with exuberant zeal to the collection of memorials of the Risorgimento—partly from natural veneration and wholesome hero-worship, partly as a relief from the unheroic politics of recent decades. The great actors in the drama have passed away, so their lives are being studied, their letters edited, their biographies written. The public archives have been put in order, and are now, with many important exceptions, accessible. The old men who survive to bear witness to the glorious image of 1848, or to the realized day-dream of 1860, publish their recollections as copiously as our own veterans of the Civil War. Antiquaries and specialists hunt down every relic, every scrap of paper. In the chief cities museums have been opened, into which material of all kinds has poured; and various journals, generally local, have been established for the publication of noteworthy articles and of sources. It was time that the workers in this field should get together and confer on the best methods of arrangement or lay down some uniform rules, if, indeed, uniformity be desirable.

Some of the most fruitful work of the congress concerned these matters. The discussion of the museums at once brought out two antagonistic points of view. On one side were the advocates of the museum as a sort of patriotic storage battery. They held that its first object should be to display memorabilia of all kinds that may awaken in the visitor veneration for the great man or the great event, and so kindle his patriotic sentiment. In one visitor this sentiment may be stirred by the sight of Garibaldi's scarlet kerchief, in another by Mazzini's penholder, in a third by one of Cavour's letters, in a fourth by the gauntlet Victor Emmanuel wore at San Martino. As there is no means by which you can divine what particular thing will be the effective stimulus in any given case, you must make your museum as hospitable and as miscellaneous as possible. "A poor widow, whose husband, a common soldier, was killed at Solferino, keeps his blood-stained coat as a holy relic for forty years, and bequeathes it to our collection. Am I to reject it?" asked Professor Corio, the able director of the Milan Museum of the Risorgimento. "Are we to display the memorials of great personages only? Shall not the patriotism of the private, who gave his life on the battlefield, have its recognition? There are no degrees of more or less in supreme sacrifice. That coat may mean nothing to the student of history by documents; but it may mean a great deal to the public school pupils, the peasants, the common soldiers, who visit the museum in great numbers."

This position was traversed by the professional investigators and writers who insisted that the collections ought to be arranged scientifically, like those of natural history or archæology, for the benefit of

scholars. The stimulation of patriotic emotion was all very well, they admitted, but it would be fleeting and ineffectual unless it were based on a rational understanding, and this could be reached only through a scientific treatment of the material. A museum should be more than an old curiosity shop or a precinct for the exhibition of patriotic fetiches.

To this Professor Corio replied with much vigor, and he took the discussion out of the region of theory by stating that last year 106,000 persons visited the Milan museum. "How many of these were professional students of history? Very few. Our duty is to serve the interests of the hundred thousand and not of the few scores or hundreds. And, after all, the archives, with their scientific methods, are the proper working-place for the latter." The divergence of opinions being too great for either side to give way, a resolution was passed expressing the hope of the congress that the Risorgimento museums might continue to be centres of patriotic education and stimulus and at the same time serve the purpose of serious historical students.

In the United States we have no such collections, either in scope or detail, as those which have been established at Turin, Milan, Venice, Palermo, and other Italian cities; but the questions, what to accept, and how to arrange, must already have come up in many of our historical societies. As an illustration of the thoroughness with which the Italians are working, let me cite the Milan Museum, which has three or four rooms devoted to Garibaldi and his men. Here are photographs of him by the score; views of his battlefields, autograph letters, his uniform, his weapons, his books, the portraits of a large number of his Thousand, with special relics of many of them, saddles, swords, camp materials, letters, and additional memorabilia of his famous volunteers and captains, Manara, Mameli, Bixio, Mario, and the rest. A study of this material would enable the historian to visualize the Garibaldian legend as he could do in no other way. Would it not be well to make a similar collection of Lincoln memorabilia before they have all fallen into the hands of dealers and private collectors? From now on the camera and the phonograph may be expected to play a large part in recording the deeds and words that go to make up history, and it is more than probable that the history professor of the future will illustrate his lectures by the cinematograph; but even these devices can never take the place of the actual dress or document or weapon of historic personages.

The congress discussed further the best way to encourage the study of the Risorgimento in the public schools; to promote the preservation of material in provincial centres; to persuade the Government to permit free access to the archives; and to urge the addition of special courses on contemporary Italian history to the university curriculum. Several of the professors present agreed as to the ignorance of the young generation. The importance of medals and coins as a subsidiary source of history was brought out by Prof. S. Ricci, an expert medallist, who has published a valuable work on Risorgimento numismatics. The collective work of the congress was concluded by the formation of a National So-

ciety for the History of the Risorgimento, one of whose functions will be the publication of a review similar to that which Professor Manzone founded ten years ago, but had to abandon for lack of support.

Besides these general discussions, the congress listened to some dozen memoirs, several of which examined minutely a special event, while others sought to establish general conclusions. To the former belonged Signor E. Ghisi's paper on the tricolor flag in Italy from 1796 to 1814, Prof. A. Micheli's paper on Tito Speri, and Prof. G. Riva's account of Garibaldi's retreat on Monza in 1848. To the latter belonged memoirs by the two American delegates—on the relations between Italy and the United States from 1837 to 1870, by H. Nelson Gay of Rome, and a parallel between Cavour and Bismarck, by your correspondent. Mr. Gay's monograph, enriched by citations from the archives of the American embassy, and from the inedited papers of the late George P. Marsh, was received with much favor; and many references were made to his magnificent collection, which now numbers some 30,000 titles, of works on the Risorgimento. A special exhibit of Risorgimento relics was opened. There was a farewell banquet, pleasantly informal, at which Dr. L. Pastro, the last survivor of the Belfiore victims of 1853, was the hero—a living historical document. It would hardly have been more surprising to have had Silvio Pellico or Confalonieri there, so remote do the Mazzinian conspiracies seem from present conditions. After all, it is not by lapse of years but by qualitative changes that the historian measures time.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

Correspondence.

THE HONESTY OF BROAD CHURCHMEN. TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of November 29, in speaking of Dr. Crapsey's enforced retirement from the Episcopal Church, and of his advice to others holding views similar to his not to withdraw, but to remain in the Church, you say,

This seems to us to be in the interest neither of ecclesiastical order nor of sound morals. . . . The idea that the progress of truth or the reform of a creed can best be effected by remaining in a morally ambiguous position, is one to which we find it difficult to subscribe.

Other statements of yours also in recent issues have seemed to give it as the opinion of the man in the street, and to endorse that opinion, that Broad Churchmen are dishonest, as holding views which are not those of the Church to which they belong and yet retaining their positions in the Church for the sake—as it has been expressed—of "eating her bread." This is a charge so serious that, if it is well-founded, it would require, as the High Churchmen are asserting, the expulsion of all Broad Churchmen and their moral condemnation. None would demand this more insistently than the Broad Churchmen themselves.

But to many this seems too easy an analysis of the situation. For, in the first place, the recent decision of the ecclesiastical court of Western New York by which Dr. Crapsey was condemned has not in any

way affected the legal position of Broad Churchmen, at least of those outside that diocese. For the decisions of a diocesan court have only diocesan validity. To maintain that they constitute law for the whole Church is like asserting that if California excludes the Japanese from her schools, they must therefore be excluded from all schools throughout the United States. Nor does this diocesan decision have general validity given it through its recent affirmation by the Court of Review. For that court is expressly prohibited by its constitution from pronouncing upon matters of doctrine or upon the substance of cases brought before it, but must confine its consideration wholly to the legality of the lower court's procedure. From a legal point of view, then, the recent decisions have not affected the position in the Church of any persons excepting Dr. Crapsey and possibly some in the Diocese of Western New York.

But it would be abhorrent to any Christian minister to be even suspected of the methods of sharp and shady business—of taking advantage of a legal technicality to commit a grave moral wrong. Honesty is just as essential in the ecclesiastical world as in the business world; and to decide in a given case what honesty demands is often as complex a problem. The Broad Churchman maintains that he has a right in the Church morally and historically, that the position he holds is essential to the Church's existence, and that its abandonment, if thorough, would result in her decay and death. For there have always been in the Christian Church since the days of St. James and St. Paul two differing types of mind—the one laying stress on institutionalism, on obedience to authority, and caring little to investigate the grounds of its belief; and the other emphasizing the individual element, the importance of thinking, and the conviction that honest and clear thought is not subversive of but essential in historic Christianity. Students of Church history do not need to be pointed to Clement of Alexandria and Athanasius, to Abelard and St. Francis and Wycliffe for instances of the latter type before the Reformation, while after the Reformation the tone of the Church in England was almost wholly of this type for nearly a century. For it was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that the party represented by Bancroft and Laud gained a sufficient footing to be recognized and opposed.

It is the contention, then, of the Broad Churchman that he is conforming to the standards of his Church quite as truly as the High Churchman. For the most pertinent standard is that which is contained in the promise the priest makes at his ordination—that he will "minister the doctrine and sacraments and the discipline of Christ, as the Lord hath commanded, and as this Church hath received the same." And when he asks where the official statement is, as to how the doctrine and sacraments are received by the Church, he is pointed not to constitution or canon or legal decision, for there are none containing the final utterance. But he is referred to the Prayer Book and to its services. What he seeks is to be found in these embedded. An official standard of interpretation of doctrine the Church has never established. In order to ascertain how the Church "hath received

the same," it would be manifestly incompetent to turn and ask the man in the street; for that which seems to him the "plain" or the "common-sense" or the "only" meaning of a theologic statement, is not unlikely to be wholly modern or local, or even individual. It is the consensus of opinion of the Church at large which must be taken as the ultimate standard.

This may seem too vague to be of value. It furnishes, it is true, no rule of thumb for the ready settlement of disputes, and none such is possible. And here is a main ground of difference with the legalist. For he is inclined to assert, "There must be such a rule, and the thumb must be mine." But, instead of being so vague as to be impractical, it is, on the other hand, the only practicable standard, for it consists not in rules, but in principles. It is the same as the standard of the law of the land. For this resides only secondarily in the ordinances of Legislatures and the decisions of courts. Primarily, it is in the justice, the intelligence, the moral sense of the people; and this slowly but surely shapes legal precedents and police regulations. For certain practical emergencies the Church has established canons. She has also set forth creeds. But she has never attempted in this country to nail a given meaning to an article of belief, but has maintained that comprehensiveness in its interpretation, within the reasonable limits recognized by her whole history, is as important as exactness.

Such comprehensiveness has long existed in case of every article of the Apostles' Creed, for example, except two. No one would think of asserting that "I believe in God" or "in the resurrection of the body" has or must have the same shade of meaning to every one who uses the Creed. But the thought of the Church has been only recently awakened to the application of this principle to the two articles concerning the Virgin birth and the resurrection of Jesus. There are unquestionably in the New Testament two different traditions in regard to the manner of Jesus's birth, and two different modes of viewing his resurrection. The Broad Churchman who is a priest promised at the ordination to instruct his people out of the Scriptures, and to "teach nothing as necessary to eternal salvation but that which you shall be persuaded may be concluded and proved by Scripture." He has surely, therefore, strong ground in maintaining that views which are in the Scriptures are at least permissible in the Church. He also maintains that whichever of the views above mentioned is held, belief in the divinity of Christ and in his resurrection is in no way diminished thereby. It is for this reason that he repudiates the charge of dishonesty when he repeats the Creed, with its articles of the Virgin birth and the resurrection of the body, since he holds the identical truth these were designed to express. The language in which it was expressed was doubtless sufficient for its time, but to-day it needs sifting to reveal its message, just as hell-fire needs sifting in order to reveal beneath it the solid fact of eternal loss. The High Churchman declares, "One only of these views of the Creed is consistent with belief in the divinity of Christ, and legal in the Church." The Broad Churchman replies,

"Both are so consistent, and both are legal." The attempt to narrow the terms of subscription to one rigidly defined type is a late development in the history of doctrine, and one which has in every case been soon abandoned. This is made evident in Prof. A. V. G. Allen's forthcoming book on the subject. The attempt, however, is the result of an advance in thinking by no means to be regretted. As the spirit of scientific thought increases, many fields are brought within its range which previously had been left quiet in vague indeterminateness. But it is pseudo-scientific to insist on defining what cannot be defined, and on interpreting poetry or theology in terms of legal contract.

Whether the position of the Broad Churchman is legal in the Episcopal Church is a matter now in some quarters under discussion. The Crapsey case has given weight to the opinion that it is not. It has established no decision making it illegal. It was in view of this, I take it, as well as through his unshaken loyalty to the Church he has loved and served so nobly, that Dr. Crapsey expressed the hope that Broad Churchmen would not withdraw. Whether their views are approved or disapproved, such persons may not, I submit, be justly accused of dishonesty for holding a position which in the main has always been held in the Church, and of which even the details have not been condemned by the Church to-day.

FREDERIC PALMER.

Andover, Mass., December 8.

A QUESTION OF METRICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you kindly make clear one or two points in the comment on Professor Lewis's book, "The Principles of English Verse," in your issue of November 15. Two quotations are given, the first from Milton, and the second from Tennyson. Will you tell me why the first, "The world was all before them," should be scanned $\cup | \cup \cup |$ $\cup \cup | \cup \cup |$ as trochaic, when it occurs in a blank-verse poem, the normal line of which would be iambic pentameter? Moreover, this line completed with the additional words "where to choose" is a normal iambic pentameter line. Is it also a fair test of rhythm to give only a part of a line when the rhythmical character of a line is actually dependent to some extent upon the length of the line, as the reading of four and five stressed verse would prove?

The second example, "To bicker down a valley," is taken from a poem also pre-vaillingly iambic in character. It would naturally be scanned, $\cup | \cup \cup | \cup \cup | \cup \cup |$. It might also be scanned, $\cup | \cup \cup | \cup \cup | \cup \cup |$, but since the whole is iambic and not trochaic, the first is the correct form. How could it possibly be scanned $\cup | \cup \cup | \cup \cup | \cup \cup |$? Both quotations seem clearly to fall into the form objected to, that is, $\cup \cup \cup \cup \cup \cup$

—; and there is no rhythmical difference due to any difference in the recurrence of stressed and unstressed syllables. The real difference in the rhythmical character of the two is assignable to tone and quantity.

Moreover, the main objection to Professor Lewis's book, that he does not grant the organic value of the foot, is not clear. Is not the character of a line of verse fully

described when written $\cup \cup \cup \cup \cup \cup$? What in addition is gained by $\cup | \cup \cup |$ $\cup | \cup \cup |$ except convenience in referring to some definite foot? And the use of the foot for convenience, Professor Lewis not only grants, but adopts. If one throws away entirely the idea of the foot, there is still a "recurrence of similar phenomena at regular intervals of time," or if preferred, "a regular arrangement of time-intervals." The foot is merely a mechanical device to indicate the division between time-intervals.

ADA L. SNELL.

Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass., November 20.

[The difficulty is that three things have been overlooked. First, the bar, as it is used in the review, like the bar in music, makes no break in the sound; it merely indicates to the eye, on paper, that the recurring group of similar phenomena, by which the longer series is measured, is for convenience assumed to begin with the ictus or down-beat. In music, in ancient lyric, and in English verse that method of division best avoids confusion. The legal day begins at midnight, the astronomical day begins at noon; does the method adopted affect in any way the phenomena themselves? Of course, both lines are "iambic," in the sense that each begins with the arsis. In the Miltonic phrase the syllabic relations are in no way changed by omitting the rest of the line. Second, the reader was expressly warned that the macron and breve were used by the reviewer to denote time-relations, not accents. Third, accented is not the same as long, unaccented is not the same as short. Tennyson used to complain that people confused accent and quantity. "They said the first syllable of 'sunny' was long, whereas it evidently is short." (Memoir by his son, vol. ii., pp. 12 and 400.) So in "bicker" and "valley," the first syllable evidently is short. Nobody reads "To bicker down a valley" otherwise than as $\cup | \cup \cup | \cup \cup | \cup \cup |$. These differences in quantity, i. e., in time-intervals, are of the very essence of rhythm. The rhythmic character of a line is clearly not fully described by marking the accents only. Mr. Lewis's defect is that he takes too little account of the arrangement of time-intervals between the beats—does not adequately analyze those groups of similar phenomena, the feet, whose regular recurrence makes rhythm. It is as if a musician should teach that bars are equal, but should ignore the differences between notes within the bar, merely saying vaguely that these notes differ variously, and sometimes even one note fills the whole bar, but you needn't bother to consider such trifles too curiously.—THE REVIEWER.]

THE CASE OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH INFANTRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have followed with interest the controversy over the case of the Twenty-fifth Infantry. I have lived for many years in the neighborhood of various frontier posts, and can say, with authority, that the conduct of the colored troops compares very favorably with that of the white troops.

The Third Battalion of the Twenty-fifth

Infantry has been punished for not delivering up to justice a guilty comrade; but do all of your Eastern readers realize what justice to a negro means in Texas? I am personally of the opinion that the entire Twenty-fifth Infantry would prefer "discharge without honor" to surrendering a comrade to a Texas lynching bee. It has required no little moral courage for the men of the Twenty-fifth Infantry to stand by their comrade, or comrades. Our President has himself the courage—and in his position it requires considerable courage—to stand by his friends. It is to be regretted that he cannot see the affairs of the Twenty-fifth Infantry in this light.

A. MORGAN.

Valentine, Neb., December 6.

Notes.

The diary of Hans Christian Andersen, during the years 1868-75, is to be published in Copenhagen, as the third and last volume of his "Story of My Life."

Anthologies are always numerous, but this year they fall thicker than usual.

Largest of all in size is a volume called "Whisperings from the Great," being nothing more than the customary birthday album, compiled by Constance A. Meredyth and published by Henry Frowde. The selection is catholic, and includes French as well as English authors. Two other books are arranged for the calendar; one, "The Friendly Year" (Scribners), with selections mainly in prose, and of a religious or ethical character, by Henry van Dyke, the other, "All the Year in the Garden" (Crowell), by Esther Matson, containing a daily bit of nature verse. Other anthologies are made on a special theme. Thus, we have "A Sailor's Garland" (Macmillan), by John Masefield, containing a surprising amount of good sea-verse. One may here observe the change in tone from the older terror of the ocean to the more friendly feeling of the nineteenth century. "Days and Deeds" (Baker & Taylor), compiled by Burton E. and Elizabeth B. Stevenson, is an attempt to gather together the really significant poetry relating to American holidays, and to great Americans. A little book of "poems divine and moral," collected by FitzRoy Carrington, is published by Duffield & Co., as "The Pilgrim's Staff" in form and type to match old colonial work. Most attractive in appearance and substance are three small volumes that show much the same principle of selection. E. V. Lucas's "Friendly Town" (Holt) has as subtitle "A Little Book for the Urbane," which serves to characterize it fairly well. It is in prose and verse, such a collection of friendly pieces as would have delighted Charles Lamb, whose editor Mr. Lucas has been. It is odd that Lionel Johnson's stanzas on "Saint Charles" are not included. "Traveller's Joy," by W. G. Waters, and "The Pilgrim's Way," by A. T. Quiller-Couch, are both published by E. P. Dutton & Co., and are somewhat alike in contents, both including prose and verse, and both prepared for no less a journey than that of life itself. Mr. Quiller-Couch's book is more reflective in tone.

and mates in this respect with Mr. Lucas's.

Shakspeare's dramas and poems is the latest addition to the single-volume editions of the poets in the Cambridge series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The editor, Prof. W. A. Neilson of Harvard, has given us in this volume a text based on an independent examination of the early Quartos and First Folio. He has included also a biographical sketch and glossary and summaries, prefixed to each play, giving all necessary information concerning sources, authenticity, etc. The work leaves nothing to be desired in point of scholarship, and could, indeed, be recommended without reservation but for the small type which in consecutive reading puts all eyes but the strongest to a pretty severe test.

Eight years ago G. W. E. Russell, the veteran journalist and politician, and editor of Matthew Arnold's "Letters," published his "Collections and Recollections," an amusing volume of gossip in which may be found most of the best and hoariest anecdotes of political, literary, and social English life in the nineteenth century, with a running commentary of reminiscences. His new volume, "Social Silhouettes" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is more ambitious, because in it Mr. Russell passes from the particular to the general, and sets out to register certain English types, the soldier, the country parson, the author, and the rest; to do in fact for London what Theophrastus did for Athens in his "Characters." Since praise inevitably sounds flat in sketches of character, Theophrastus admitted into his immortal gallery none but the stupid or vicious. Mr. Russell, too, does not keep the tone of mild satire out of his kindest portraits, the Doctor, for instance, or the Schoolmaster, or the Curate, but most of these characters are an improvement on their literary forerunners. The Curate, especially, who has had to face his caricature in every English novel and play, will find himself recognized in this clever portrait for what he has become—the most strenuous and not the least athletic of English professional men. But Mr. Russell wrote with greater gusto such sketches as the Faddist, for whose sake Theophrastus might regret having been born too soon; the Plutocrat; the Authoress, whom Mr. Russell envisages as combining the characteristics of Sarah Grand and Marie Corelli; the Buck, who is none other than the Exquisite of Theophrastus; the Quidnunc, who is Theophrastus's Newsmonger, a figure more familiar in Athens than in London. The political portraits are drawn with a peculiarly expert hand. The Election Agent, the Candidate, and the Party-Hack, are figures that one has met in all the political memoirs and in Trollope's novels. What Mr. Russell does for them is to point to the changes in their features in the last forty years, the completeness of their adaptation to changed times.

"New England Town Law," by James S. Garland (The Boston Book Co.), is primarily intended to serve the most practical purposes, for it professes to be simply a digest of statutes and decisions concerning towns and town officers. Yet the introduction, eighty-three pages in length, is of interest to many persons other than the officers and lawyers who will use the body

of the work; for the introduction gives an account of the history, functions, and present condition of the New England town as a political, religious, and social institution. The author is obviously an enthusiast; and consequently he is easily forgiven for imagining that the townships found in so many States outside New England, although lacking town meetings, moderators, and selectmen, present the essential features of the New England town.

"Highways and Byways of the Mississippi Valley," written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson (Macmillan Co.), is a book to which one will turn in vain for the striking and unusual; but the author has uncommonly keen eyes for picking out what is worth while in the every-day life of the masses. The present volume traces the Mississippi from New Orleans to the wilder region of its head waters, and but few phases of its life to elude the author's notice. Especially valuable is his knack for penetrating without offence into the more intimate life of the farmers, lumbermen, and villagers, so that we get much that is practically first-hand material for the study of the average social life of the great valley. Whether, however, he gained a fair knowledge of the seamier side of the "shanty-boat" life to which he allots one chapter, we are inclined to doubt. He has at least given no hint of the enormous amount of theft, prostitution, and illegal liquor dealing which these little house-boats shelter, the owners finding it easy to elude the law by stealthy and frequent changes of location. There are regions where it is difficult for respectable people to indulge in house-boating as a pastime, because of the presumption of wrong intent thus thrown upon any boat of the kind, whose occupants are not already favorably known. The chapter on Mark Twain's country is amusing in its revelation of the serious point of view from which many of the more unsophisticated natives judge his humor, and their consequent inability to consider his writings as thoroughly trustworthy. The illustrations are full-page insets, well chosen and effectively reproduced.

We remember, in the early eighties, assisting at an interview between an inebriated "cow-puncher" and an English "tenderfoot" who was waiting for the northern stage in a saloon at Rock Creek. The former was explaining to the latter the "institutions" of the United States, and his last, merely verbal, elucidation of his thesis consisted in the statement: "This is a free country. I'm going to kick your dog." The formula may have been a new one, but the essential idea is at least as old as the thirteenth century, when, the rise of the Italian Republics having concentrated all legal authority in the hands of the citizens, and often enough in the hands of a mere fraction of the citizens, the *Popolo* began to show itself as arrogant and illiberal as ever the feudal aristocracy had been. Nor is there any phase of communal life in which the then prevalent conception of liberty as the exclusive prerogative, nay, almost the personal attribute, of the dominant class, is more clearly manifested than in the relations between the communes and their *contadi*. The matter is one to which we have already alluded in our notice of

Signor F. Briganti's "Città Dominanti e Comuni Minori nel Medio Evo," but we are now able to announce the appearance of an even more valuable contribution to the subject in Prof. R. Caggese's "La Repubblica di Siena e il suo contado nel Secolo xiii." (Siena: Tip. Lazzeri). The picture which this book affords us of the ruthless exploitation of the country districts for the benefit of the cities is truly appalling. Indeed, it would seem that the few and precarious rights which were enjoyed by the peasantry were granted them only for the benefit of their masters—just as the owner of a horse might feed him with oats so as to get more work out of him. We have already urged upon our readers the importance of this hitherto little explored branch of the history of mediæval Italy, and it is therefore enough to refer them to Professor Caggese's scholarly work.

The verses of the late Alfred Garneau, translator to the Canadian Senate, have been gathered for posthumous publication by his son (Montreal: Librairie Beauchemin) with perhaps a keener sense of filial devotion than of literary discrimination. Several of these *bluettes* are in the form of innocuous album or occasional verse with enough gentle sentiment to embalm them in the memory of private friends; yet they want specific quality, and seem to have been written under the spell, not of reserve, but of constraint, as from a strictly cloistered intellectual seclusion. This leads to such belated trifling as:

L'aurore
Colore
D'un fin
Carmin, etc.

reminding one of Jérôme Paturot's hirsute poet with his "Qui! Toi, Belle, Telle," etc. The verses entitled "À Ma Sœur," with their simple purity, redeem much. In the last poem, "France," which suggests, though it does not express, a French-Canadian's feeling toward original *patrie* and speech, occurs the singular line:

A l'olivier plus blond encore.

"Faint-gray," Browning says.

In the "Bibliographie Géographique" for 1905, the fifteenth of the series published by the *Annales de Géographie*, nearly twenty-five hundred works, Government reports and articles in scientific journals, are catalogued and analyzed by the editor, Louis Raveneau, and fifty-one other writers of different nationalities. These analyses are not mere dry schedules of contents, but are often lively descriptions of works from the critic's point of view. Paul Girardin, for instance, begins his characterization of Capt. Mahan's "Le salut de la race blanche et l'Empire des Mers" with the remark that "one will find in this book some of the cherished ideas [*idées chères*] of President Roosevelt." As in previous years, more space is given to our Government reports than to those of any other nation. The full index and the numerous cross references under its seventy-one divisions make it an invaluable work of its kind.

A noteworthy evidence that the scientific spirit overleaps national boundaries is the publication of the literary remains of Hegel, which the Société des amis de l'Université de Paris has undertaken, on the basis of manuscripts found in the University Library of Berlin. The first volume, contain-

ing "The Life of Jesus," edited by Dr. Paul Roques, professor of German in Chartres, has just been issued by the house of Dienerichs, in Jena, and other volumes are soon to follow.

Mrs. Nathaniel Southgate Shaler is preparing to write a life of the late Dean Shaler. She appeals for letters, anecdotes, or reminiscences, and asks that these be sent to her at 1775 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C.

Ferdinand Brunetière, who died in Paris last Sunday, was born at Toulon in 1849 and received his education in Marseilles. It was his original intention to become a teacher, but having failed in his Normal School examination in 1869, he was prevented from a second attempt by the war of 1870. He then devoted himself to the general study of literature, and in 1875 first attracted attention to himself by a brilliant review of M. Wallon's "St. Louis et Son Temps." Soon afterward he joined the staff of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of which in course of time he became first the secretary and then the editor. His reputation as a writer led naturally to his selection as a teacher, and in 1886 he was appointed professor of the French literature and language at the École Normale. In the following year he received the cross of the Legion of Honor, and in 1893 he was appointed a lecturer at the Sorbonne and elected a member of the French Academy. His works include: "Éducation et Instruction," "Époques du Théâtre," "Essais sur la Littérature Contemporaine," "Études Critiques," "Évolution de la Poésie," "Évolution des Genres," "Roman Naturaliste," "Manuel de l'Histoire de la Littérature Française," "Balzac." The last-named monograph has just appeared in English in the French Men of Letters published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

The death of Miss Mary Bateson, November 30, takes away one of the best of the younger Cambridge historians. Miss Bateson was the daughter of Dr. W. H. Bateson, master of St. John's College, and was educated at Newnham, taking the Historical Tripos in 1887 and standing just below the senior of the year. She continued at Newnham as fellow. As a student she took a wide range. Her best known work is a chapter on "The French in America," contributed to the "Cambridge Modern History," but her interest was more particularly in the Middle Ages, and she published a series of papers on the complicated municipal and legal history of mediæval England. It was proper, therefore, that she should have been chosen by the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press as one of the editors of the forthcoming "Cambridge Mediæval History." She was withal as much esteemed for the simplicity and rectitude of her character as for her attainments.

The death is announced of Dr. Hans Zwiédineck, professor of modern history in the University of Graz. He was born in Frankfort in 1845, and educated at Graz. Among his works are the "Deutsche Geschichte von dem Untergang des alten bis zur Gründung des neuen Kaiserthums" and "Venedig als Weltmarkt und Weltstadt."

Herbert Putnam, librarian of Congress, says in his annual report, just issued, that in size and in importance of content the gift of Dr. Stuyvesant Fish Morris of New

York must rank first among the accessions of the year. Mr. Putnam adds:

It was only last year that Dr. Morris presented to the library an elaborate historical collection of 860 letters, addressed to Martin Van Buren, together with a large number of printed circulars and political broadsides typical of the campaign methods of those times. In the year just past, the same donor has presented nearly 1,700 similar letters and political publications, thereby contributing all that remained of the Van Buren collection, with the exception of a few of the more intimate family letters.

The latest donation contains many documents in Van Buren's own handwriting, and it is "particularly rich in its bearing upon the political events of his Administration." For some years the library has owned other valuable papers of this period, presented by Mrs. Smith Thompson Van Buren. Through the accessions obtained from Dr. Morris, the library now possesses a remarkably complete collection. Eighteen letters written by Zachary Taylor to Col. J. P. Taylor during service in the war with Mexico, have come to the library by the gift of Capt. Taylor, U. S. A. As they were written in full family confidence, their contents are of permanent interest.

The regents of the University of California have provided for the establishment of an "Academy of Pacific Coast History," with the Bancroft collection as a nucleus. The academy is to be installed in the new university library building, for which the late C. F. Dole left \$750,000. The expense of maintenance is estimated at \$10,000 a year, which is to be met temporarily by private subscriptions. There will be a curator and special staff of assistants.

The following table, made up from the reports submitted to the Department of Education at Albany, shows the number of volumes in each of the more important of the university and college libraries in this State, the amount spent for books and the amount paid for salaries during the last year for which reports are at hand:

Institution.	No. vols. in library.	Annual amount for b'ks.	Annual amount for sal.
Columbia University	375,525	\$28,052	\$56,389
Cornell University	311,897	18,368	14,485
N. Y. Univ. (gen. library)	56,078	1,318	1,397
Syracuse University	54,177	2,191	3,547
Vassar College	50,276	4,845	3,228
Hamilton College	45,333	956	1,000
Colgate University	45,298	2,798	
Hobart College	43,799	916	1,240
Rochester University	42,048	1,956	1,260
Union College	38,490	701	825
College of City of N. Y.	36,481	2,053	2,250
Alfred University	19,421	1,235	710
St. Lawrence University	15,710	99	275
Wells College	12,188	2,045	1,075
Elmira Female College	6,280	50	300

Outside of Columbia and Cornell, which are in a class quite by themselves, the largest sum spent per year for books (inclusive of periodicals and bindings) is \$4,845, and the largest amount paid for salaries of library staff is \$3,547, while such old and well-known institutions as Hamilton and Union spend respectively \$956 and \$701 for books, and \$1,000 and \$825 for salaries. Many small and obscure village libraries in the State are receiving better support than this. Including Columbia and Cornell, the total amount spent by the fifteen libraries named above was \$67,587 for books and \$67,981 for salaries. The former of these items is less by \$20,000 than the amount spent for the same purpose by the Brooklyn Public Li-

brary; while the total salaries paid is less by \$4,000 than the amount paid in the New York State Library alone; it is less than half that paid in the Brooklyn Public Library, and less than one-third the amount paid in the Boston Public Library. A comparison of the figures in the above table with those submitted by the athletic committees of the institutions named, would be instructive.

The American Sociological Society, the American Economic Association, the American Historical Association, the Bibliographical Society of America, and the American Political Science Association will meet this year at Providence, from December 26 to December 29. All five organizations will be the guests of Brown University.

The Bibliographical Society of America has issued a tentative programme for its meeting, to be held December 27. The morning session will be opened by an address by the president, William Coolidge Lane, librarian of Harvard. There will be reports from various committees, including those in Americana, incunabula, and current bibliography. The following papers will be read: "The Bibliographical Work of Historical Societies," Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society; "The Need of a Bibliography of American Colonial Newspapers," Clarence S. Brigham, librarian of the Rhode Island Historical Society; "Plans for a Union Catalogue of American Colonial Laws," Theodore Lee Cole, Washington, D. C.; "Book-hunting as a Sport," Prof. James Westfall Thompson, University of Chicago. The subject for the afternoon session will be "An International Catalogue of the Current Literature of the Social Sciences." The discussion of the bibliography of history will be opened by Dr. E. C. Richardson, librarian of Princeton; and W. C. Ford, library of Congress; of economics by Prof. F. A. Fetter, Cornell; J. C. Schwab, librarian of Yale; and J. J. Macfarlane, Philadelphia Commercial Museum; of sociology by Prof. C. W. Veditz, George Washington University; and C. H. Hastings, Library of Congress; of political science by W. F. Dodd, Library of Congress; and Prof. Paul S. Reinsch, University of Wisconsin; of law by F. W. Schenk, librarian of the University of Chicago Law School, and Prof. George G. Wilson, Brown University.

Following the useful custom of meeting together during the winter recess, the American Philological Association, the Archæological Institute of America, and the managing committee of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, will hold their sessions at Washington during the first week of January. The programme provides for entertainment as well as for work. We have space only to give the names of those who have registered papers to read: F. G. Ballentine, Bucknell University; W. P. Mustard, Haverford; E. W. Hopkins, Paul Baur, Bernadotte Perrin, T. D. Seymour, A. W. Van Buren, and C. C. Torrey, Yale; R. G. Kent, W. B. McDaniel, W. N. Bates, and G. D. Hadzits, University of Pennsylvania; C. W. Super, Ohio University; R. S. Radford, Elmira College; J. Pickard, University of Missouri; W. H. Goodyear, Brooklyn Institute; E. L. Hewett, fellow of the Institute of American Arch-

æology; K. P. Harrington, Wesleyan; G. D. Kellogg, A. Marquand, H. C. Butler, O. S. Tonks, and A. R. Anderson, Princeton; A. A. Bryant, C. H. Moore, J. W. White, G. H. Chase, E. Cary, and M. Warren, Harvard; E. W. Fay, University of Texas; W. S. Scarborough, Wilberforce University; O. M. Washburn, University High School, Chicago; F. G. Allinson and A. G. Harkness, Brown; C. B. Newcomer and F. W. Kelsey, University of Michigan; E. T. Merrill, Trinity; T. Fitz-Hugh, University of Virginia; H. N. Fowler, Western Reserve; Miss Gisela M. A. Richter, Metropolitan Museum of Art; D. M. Robinson, Johns Hopkins; J. M. Paton and E. von Mach, Cambridge, Mass.; J. E. Harry, University of Cincinnati; H. C. Tolman, Vanderbilt University; A. W. Milden, Emory and Henry College. The visiting members will be guests of George Washington University and of the Washington Society of the Archaeological Institute.

The steady decrease of students at the University of Athens, the only institution of the kind in Greece, is, according to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, beginning to trouble the authorities. The decrease has been caused by the fact that foreign students, especially from European and Asiatic Turkey, no longer crowd to Athens, and in order to attract them it is now proposed to relieve them of fees and other university expenses. It is also proposed to enlarge the scope of the institution by adding departments in technology and the branches of economics. The funds for this innovation are furnished by a legacy amounting to about \$1,750,000. The native Greeks themselves still flock to Athens in numbers far exceeding the demands of State and Church, and Greece accordingly has also its problem of a "learned proletariat."

THE HOHENLOHE MEMOIRS.

Denkwürdigkeiten des Fürsten Chlodwig zu Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst. Im Auftrage des Prinzen Alexander zu Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst herausgegeben von Friedrich Curtius. Stuttgart und Leipzig: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt.

Memoirs of Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst. English edition supervised by George W. Chrystal, B.A. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$6.00 net.

The instant success of scandal which these memoirs attained has resulted in obscuring even their true personal interest. Gossip and indiscretion have been thrust forward as the main things in a life-record of which the real significance has been too much overlooked. And the large political import of the career and of the events narrated in these volumes has had hard work to disentangle itself from the outcry and recrimination following their appearance.

Prince Hohenlohe was not perhaps a great statesman, but he was a great German. Before the rise of Prussia gave promise of her hegemony among the German States, and their consolidation through her, this Bavarian noble had longed for German unity. In April, 1848, he said: "Deep in the hearts of all Germans lives the quickening belief in a single, free, powerful Fatherland." He was oppressed by "the nullity" of Germany over against other countries. To him it was a sorrowful thing that in foreign lands

one could not boast of being a German, but had to say: "I am from Hesse; I am a Darmstadter; my country was once a great and mighty nation, but now it is broken up into thirty-eight fragments." Dedicated from early youth to what he called the "erstrebt Einheit Deutschlands," Hohenlohe had peculiar advantages for describing, from his personal point of view, its accomplishment. Here we have no elaborate history composed after the event; but letters and journals written at the time. In many ways Prince Hohenlohe's account of the unification of the German Empire is more instructive than anything that even Bismarck wrote. First, this is not a studied apologia; it is the running and contemporary comment of a good observer, with excellent sources of information. Further, Hohenlohe was a South German. He belonged to one of the absorbed states. Hence his story of the process of absorption is written from a standpoint different from the Prussian—and it is the Prussians who have given the world the accepted version. This Bavarian prince becoming, after Königgrätz and Sedan, Chancellor of the German Empire, was in a position to give us a fresh and instructive philosophy of that great political revolution in Europe which we call the rise of united Germany. It is much as if a cultivated Southerner, say Judge Lamar, had left us his rendering of the consolidation of the United States of America after Gettysburg and Appomattox.

As a leading actor, as well as narrator, Prince Hohenlohe was well fitted to play his part. A South German, he was yet without that narrow particularism which so long marked the policy of the smaller states in the Germanic Confederation. A Catholic, he was yet able to appreciate the position of German Protestants, and to perceive the liberating nature of the work wrought by the Reformation. He very early wrote:

The intolerance and hatred of Protestantism, the notion that the Reformation, with all its great philosophic and intellectual consequences, was a mere aberration of the human mind, are so diametrically opposed to my inmost being and point to such a decay that I could never bind myself to render any assistance to that party [the Ultramontane] without repudiating my whole past inner life and all my most sacred convictions.

The Prince was thus happily fitted to play the part of a mediator. This he did most usefully when, as Bavarian Minister, he labored, through such measures as the Zollverein, to bring the scattered parts of Germany into touch. The fires of war finally welded them together, in 1866 and 1870, and with that the Prince had little to do directly. But he consistently represented throughout his long career the national, as against the purely Bavarian or the strictly Prussian, interest. His suspicion of the latter endured to the end. It is highly instructive to note his dread of Prussian Junkerdom. He had in his young manhood thought of it as a threat to the South Germans; in his old age he conceived of it as a threat to the Empire itself. One of the very latest entries in his journal, December 15, 1898, is a sort of summing up of the whole political evolution which he had witnessed and furthered, and an instructive judgment upon it:

When I am thus among Prussian Excel-

lencies the contrast between North and South Germany becomes very perceptible to me. South German Liberalism is no match for the young aristocrats. They are too numerous, too powerful, and have the monarchy and the army too much on their side. Moreover, the Centre goes with them. Everything I have seen these four years is made clear by this antithesis. The Germans are right in regarding my presence in Berlin as a guarantee of unity. As I labored from 1866 to 1870 for the union of North and South, so I must strive now to keep Prussia attached to the Empire. For all these gentlemen do not care a fig for the Empire, and would give it up, the sooner the better.

Such an *aperçu* lets us into much of present politics in Germany, as well as past history.

It was partly, as Bismarck explained, because the Junkers could not be envious of Hohenlohe that his political career was possible. His long and able service as Ambassador at Paris was due in part to the fact that he was a *grand seigneur*, apart from the jealousies and the strivings of the cliques that swarmed and schemed in Berlin. Similarly, as Statthalter at Strasbourg, and finally as Chancellor of the Empire, it was Hohenlohe, the Prince of an historic family, that filled the eye. He was a man of fair abilities, of much strength of character, and no little nobility of nature, clear-sighted and steady; but it was what he represented, more than what he was, that made his career. He was staunch to his convictions, and believed in straightforward diplomacy. "The most honorable testimonial of my whole political life," he called it, when among some French secret correspondence, captured in 1870, was found a report stating that before any plot could be executed to engage Bavaria in a war against Prussia, it would be necessary first to get Hohenlohe out of the Ministry (vol. ii., p. 33).

Apart from the now notorious revelations concerning Bismarck's dismissal, these pages throw much incidental light upon that great man. Hohenlohe, it is plain, admired more than he either loved or trusted him. He calls him "the terror of all diplomats." The Czar said that he could talk comfortably with Caprivi, but that he had never been able to converse with Bismarck without a fear of being tricked. More details are given of the secret alliance with Austria in 1879, going behind the Dreikaiserbund, and the fact is made clear that the old Kaiser at first thought the step distinctly one of treachery. Hohenlohe deplored Bismarck's bad manners, giving many illustrations of his *Grobheit*. And he came to be able to read the Chancellor pretty shrewdly. When the swift and startling victories of 1870 made it plain that a plan for a united Germany would speedily be forthcoming, and many were wondering what it would be, Hohenlohe wrote (August 17, 1870): "I doubt if Bismarck will wait long. It is pretty certain that he has his preparations all made, and this seems the more likely from the fact that he has shut himself up at headquarters and refuses to communicate with anybody."

The English translation, so far as we have been able to test it, appears to be fairly satisfactory. It betrays signs of haste, and the printing, especially of French, is carelessly done. On the first page, for example, of the section dealing with the Prince in Paris, there are two

misprints and one mistranslation. The right word is not always chosen, in the rendering. Thus, "all his *deeds* and papers" is not what Professor Curtius meant by "alle seine Papiere und Akten"—as materials for the memoir. Here and there the sense is not caught. The Kaiser is made to say (vol. ii., p. 129). "I shall fall out with Prince Bismarck again over this matter," when what he really said, was that he would sharply debate it with him—"in Streit kommen." On the whole, however, the translation seems trustworthy, if not so close and careful as one might desire.

THREE BOOKS ON ITALY.

Glimpses of Italian Court Life. By Tryphosa Bates Batcheller. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$4.80.

The fad of the day in literary style being to avoid style and to aim at colloquial ease, the letter is naturally a favorite form of expression. And now that letter-writing as an art is almost extinct, letter-writing as a fashion is very much to the fore. It satisfies public curiosity for private affairs. It introduces the personal note, the *I*, the little god now most adored by the general reader. In no other form, except the diary, which is nothing more than a series of letters written to one's safest friend, could one say to the public: "I wore my white broadcloth princess gown that is trimmed with Cluny lace embroidered in gold thread, the little white and gold toque to match, and my ropes of pearls."

We have had numerous letters from Italy of late. Maud Howe, as an artist's wife, wrote some charming letters from Roma Beata; Mme. Waddington's correspondence, that of a diplomat's wife, was full of a more mature if less picturesque interest. And now Mrs. Batcheller, as a singer and society woman, has brought out in sumptuous form her letters to her parents, written mainly from Rome, and, to judge from manner and matter, with more than a half-thought towards future publication. They deal principally with the social life of the Italian Court and of the Roman nobility. They are lively, gossipy, perhaps lacking in charm, certainly lacking in maturity. But they are fresh, buoyant, and to the outward eye *ingénues*; they abound in the names of great people; they see everything *colocur de rose*. And the writer adores Italy—"Italia Adorata"—an undeniable appeal to one who cherishes the same feeling.

The writer had friends alike among the Blacks and the Whites, and moved, or "whirled," in the centre of the "best society" of aristocratic Rome. To a lyric soprano who could take high F with ease and sing arias from the "Magic Flute" in the original key, every salon was open in a country where the voice is a national gift and singing a national love. A brilliant public presentation to Queen Elena at the Quirinal follows closely upon a private audience from Pope Pius X., at the Vatican. Then comes a private audience from the Queen Mother, the ever-charming and lovely Queen Margherita. Receptions, balls, private theatricals, dinners, succeed each other with bewildering rapidity; and through them all walk the great ladies of the Roman nobility, dressed in rich silks

and laces, and wearing superb jewels. Why is it that a woman writer dwells lovingly on externals? We learn so much more about the clothes than the character of these noble Italian ladies.

To many, the special interest of these letters will lie in the glimpses they give of Italian musical life—of opera, or artists and musicians, Ristori, Sgambati, Bustini, Mme. Helbig, Professor Mastrigli, of private recitals by the Joachim Quartet, and public concerts at the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia, the Bach Society, Cherubini Society, and Orchestra Society. Also of interest is the account of the *Industria Femminili*, the society founded by Italian ladies of rank, to encourage and develop the work of Italian peasant women in lace-making and embroidery, which now has branches and successful schools of lace-workers scattered over Italy, in the small mountain towns and in the large cities.

The book would have been improved by more careful editing. The illustrations in photogravure and half-tones are excellent, especially noteworthy being the reproductions of photographs of the Italian sovereigns, of different members of the Roman nobility, of artists and musicians. The few colored illustrations are hard and cold. Large, clear type, a generous page, and rich binding make a volume which in appearance is well suited to the subject.

By Italian Seas. By Ernest C. Peixotto. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

Italy of the Italians. By Helen Zimmern. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Among the many books that appear yearly on almost every phase of Italian life and culture, it is a pleasure to open one that reflects the real Italy. Ernest Peixotto is a thorough artist, from eyes to finger-tips. He has lingered in spots out of the usual track and beyond the boundaries of modern Italy. And his book is the record of impressions made by the charm of these unfrequented places on a nature responsive to every appeal of the picturesque. In choosing the title "*By Italian Seas*," he has followed the spirit rather than the letter of Italian domination. Dalmatia, Malta, Tunis, belong to Italy, not by right of present politics, but of past history and influence. And the seas themselves—the Ligurian, the Adriatic, the Ionian, the Tyrrhene, the Mediterranean, are but great inland lakes, as it were, of a former Italy, and their shores still reflect her art and civilization.

The book is not in any way a consecutive narrative; it is more a collection of separate chapters recording experiences in a life of leisurely travel or quiet sojourn. In one chapter, for example, Mr. Peixotto follows the incurving coast of the Italian Riviera, with its "bold headlands, grown with pines and cedars," its rill-run valleys, and "quaint villages hidden within their depths." Snatches of tradition, of history, of fact, are woven into the description wherever they are needed to give color and light and shade. In another chapter he takes us a charming trip down the Dalmatian coast, that long, thin strip of land, so little travelled, so easy of access, whose front faces Italy and the Adriatic and whose back touches Servia, Herze-

govina, and the rocky defiles of Montenegro.

It is a country of transition. In it the Occident touches the Orient and almost mingles with it. Its coast, inclining toward Italy, has imbibed Latin influence, but once over the mountain wall the Orient begins. In its marts Italians of the coast—the "Bodoli"—meet Turks, and Servians, and other Slavs in turbaned fez and flowing trousers. . . . Bald mountains lift their heads from the water's edge; bleak islands break the horizon with clear-cut silhouettes—with an almost utter lack of verdure, save on the gentler slopes and in the rocky hollows where pale olives and almond-trees shelter their frail branches.

Mr. Peixotto's style is always clear, picturesque and mellow, often poetic, and he draws his word-pictures with the same dexterous touch with which he sketches his pen-and-ink pictures of church spires, tall cypresses, or ruined monasteries. In the more finished drawings, the use of wash, combined in a peculiar way with pen and ink, produces some remarkable panoramic effects, packed with life-like detail.

It is a sudden transition from Mr. Peixotto's book of impressions to Miss Zimmern's book of facts—from the poetic to the practical, the artistic to the commonplace. "*Italy of the Italians*" is a handbook of new Italy, a guide to the intellectual, political, and social conditions of the present. Miss Zimmern's contention is that Italy's contribution to the modern movement is no less worthy of study than what Italy has handed down from the past. Whether she succeeds in proving her contention is another matter. At least, she has brought together, by reading and research, a quantity of material which will be useful to travellers who are visiting Italy for the first time.

The volume, light and convenient in form, is divided into chapters, made easy for reference by a lavish use of side-titles, or paragraph headings in the text. The subjects treated are: The King, which includes a sketch of the administration; the Press; Literature; the Painters; Sculpture and Architecture; Playhouses, Players, and Plays; Science and Inventions; Philosophy; Agrarian Italy; Industry and Commerce; Underground Italy; Music; Italy at Play. Of these, the chapters on Players and Plays, and Italy at Play, are the best, and give a faithful picture of the light-hearted, amusement-loving people. The least successful chapters are those on art and literature. Where facts are concerned, Miss Zimmern is instructive; where personal bias filters through, her position is radical, anti-church. She preserves, however, a healthy Anglo-Saxon antagonism for the decadent, neurasthenic, and sensual tendencies of recent Italian culture.

We note a few important omissions: In the section on the Press, no mention is made of *La Cultura*, a literary and critical review which stands among the foremost in Europe or America. In the chapter on Music, Giovanni Sgambati is omitted as a composer of instrumental music, yet he is by this time well known on both sides of the Atlantic, through his symphonies, quartets, and piano compositions.

The style of the book is very uneven. At times clear and straightforward, it is often over-embellished with adjectives, and marred by a half-trivial tone and awkward

constructions. It is unfortunate that the work could not have been better illustrated.

CURRENT FICTION.

Thalassa. By Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds. New York: Brentano's.

The perturbed spirit of Curren Bell, or rather of Rochester, is not yet at peace. Feminine fancy still hovers caressingly about the image of a dark and sinister and domineering masculinity, with a sad and mysterious past, and a talent for unactionable brutalities. The thing was greatly overdone the other day in a story called "The Dark Lantern." The hero was altogether too savage to be effective; he came too near actually setting the property dog upon the heroine; and otherwise appeared to torment her not so much as a balm to his world-embittered spirit as for the pure sport of it. In "Thalassa" he is at his best. This story is, in much of its detail as well as in general character, strikingly Brontëque. A girl of English birth and Continental breeding is, at twenty, by her dying father's wish, commended to the care of an old friend of his whom she has never seen. This man is of the Rochester age, experience, temper, and surroundings. He lives alone in the country with an old housekeeper, numerous dogs (of the property sort), and the child of an unhappy union. Into this household enter the heroine, a person of more beauty and less meekness than Jane Eyre, and, consequently, with a somewhat easier row to hoe. However, she is sufficiently abused to give point to her eventual triumph.

But, if all this is true, it is not the whole truth. We have read few recent novels with greater pleasure. In the first place, the author herself is perfectly conscious of the kind of thing she is doing. "Will it be like Wuthering Heights, do you think? I keep on thinking of that!" cries the heroine, as she faces her exile in "Grimwold, Yorkshire." Grimwold turns out to be, in atmosphere, more like Thornfield Hall than Wuthering Heights, but the hint is explicit enough. We suppose, however, that the author may have been hardly conscious how like Jane Eyre's first impression of Mr. Rochester is Aldyth Staveley's first impression of Mr. Orme:

He was a large, roughly built man, of a complexion so dark as to be almost swarthy. His hair was jet black, and his close-cropped head and bull neck gave him the appearance of immense strength. His expression at the moment was savage, and the strong curves of his mouth looked cruel. His dress was careless; he wore riding-breeches and gaiters, and carried a hunting-crop in his hand.

No wonder he stands with his back to the fire when he speaks to her, and turns on his heel when she speaks to him. But this is by no means a novel to be laughed at.

Paul. By E. F. Benson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The author of "Dodo" and "The Chaloners" has a talent curiously feminine, by which we do not mean precisely effeminate. He does not mince in his gait or speak in falsetto; but his progress is attended by a kind of emotional *frou-frou*. His characters are always in a flutter of

spirits, whether high or low; it is hard to take such volatile persons with becoming seriousness, however grave the predicament into which the author may for the moment immerse them.

There are really only four persons in this present story: an Englishwoman of pleasant manners and a ruinous passion for stock-gambling, who is kept pretty well in the background; her daughter Norah, who loves Paul, but does not know it; Paul, who loves Norah, but does not know it; Theodore Beckwith, the villain, a loathsome person who naturally marries the heroine. Beckwith is a kind of vampire, physically a weakling, with the monstrous power of feeding his strength by contact with youth and vigor. His chief pleasure is in the exercise of a wanton malice. Having married Norah, he induces Paul to become his secretary, thus securing the companionship of two healthy young creatures whom he may feed upon and in due time torture. He sees to it that they remain in no doubt of their feeling for each other, taking pains to throw them literally into each other's arms. The disappointing thing about the tale is that it is only striking, and not moving at all. The villain is too villanous to be true, and the hero too amiable to engage sympathy; the heroine is simply a nice girl in an awkward position. Paul respects the rights of the husband. Eventually, however, he crushes Beckwith under a motor-car, nearly killing himself in the desperate attempt to save the vampire. But he really does kill the other man, and he really has had a momentary impulse to do it deliberately. This fault preys on his mind for over a hundred pages, during which he takes to drink, and otherwise enjoys himself very little. Finally he atones by rescuing Beckwith's child from being run over by a train. This makes everything as comfortable as possible.

The Viper of Milan. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

This "romance" which its publishers marvel at and exult in as the work of a young girl of "fifteen or sixteen" (as they somewhat vaguely put it) is at least as silly and superfluous as if she had been fifty or sixty. No cruder bait can be thrown to a gaping public than that of precocity. A sort of pathetic interest, to the friendly or parental eye, will always inhere in these raw attempts, but even as exhibits or "documents" they are seldom worth printing. The story is preceded by an absurd "Publisher's Preface" (which is nothing more than a "reading notice" on a large scale) in which we are called upon to admire this fustian as a notable historical romance. For the rest, the manuscript is in much need of editing. "The pair of thee hold your lives solely at my pleasure"; "She looked strangely like her brother could look," and so on; not to speak of such delightful conjunctions of the romantic and the colloquial as "I have done naught but fight since I left Germany. I am on the sick list." Apart from these special crudities, the tale is neither better nor worse than most others of the kind. It has the merit of brief descriptions and much dialogue, and a kind of go which, to be sure, goes nowhere in particular. In short, the book represents an infinitesimal achieve-

ment, and it would not be serving Miss Bowen to pretend that we find special promise in it.

Gabrielle, Transgressor. By Harris Dickson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

This is not a tale of the Latin Quarter, and the promise of its title is unfulfilled by any real naughtiness. Gabrielle, a young girl, fresh from a Louisiana convent, merely transgresses *les convenances*. At the same time the author is at pains to achieve one situation which would, we suppose, be called "piquant," and another which faintly approaches actual impropriety. For the rest, this is a romance involving elements sufficiently improbable to assure it a popular title of originality. Nobody has hitherto thought of casting an *ingénue* into relations at once secret, romantic, and blameless, with an heir to the Turkish throne. The means by which the hero is transported to Louisiana, in the nick of time, with all desirable accessories of Oriental luxury, shall remain a secret for all that we shall divulge. Suffice it to say that the author's treatment of the theme makes the yarn rather less absurd than might have been expected.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—II.

One of several additions to Lippincott's Romance Series is "The Romance of Animal Arts and Crafts," compiled by H. Coupin and John Lea; English scholars, who give an interesting account of the various industries of wild life, told in the plain way that children like. For the same series Archibald Williams has compiled "The Romance of Early Exploration," following his earlier stories of modern explorers. The present book brings exploration down to A. D. 1600 beginning with its infancy 200 years before Herodotus. Pictures and maps add desirability to the book. The writer's own manner is one of manly straightforwardness, as free from dullness as from misplaced embellishment. The same firm publishes "Adventures on the Great Rivers," by Richard Stead, in which figure a long line of heroes from the Abbé Huc down to the miners who rushed to Klondyke—a chronicle irresistible to any boy with a soul for wild adventure and wilder beasts. In the Heroes of American History (Harper & Bros.) are two books by Frederick A. Ober, "Ferdinand de Soto and the Invasion of Florida" and "Vasco Nuñez de Balboa." Both of these popular lives, though interesting to adults, are sure to prove attractive to boys and girls who are old enough to read history intelligently. Mr. Ober, who has travelled extensively in the West Indies, as well as in Central and South America, is qualified to present an entertaining narrative of the adventures and achievements of the early explorers.

Passing from true to fictitious adventure we have from the John C. Winston Co. "Lost in the Forbidden Land," by Edward S. Ellis. This is one of three volumes by the same writer constituting a Foreign Adventure Series, and it carries the reader to South America on the wings of marvellous escapes from savages and serpents, accomplished by two Americans, with the aid of a trusty Alabama negro, opportunely found in involuntary residence with a tribe

of Paraguayan Indians. "Dale and Fraser, Sheepmen," a tale of sheep raising in Colorado, by Sidford F. Hamp (W. A. Wilde Co.), adds to ranching experiences a story of hidden treasure. "Signal Lights," by Louise M. Hopkins (C. M. Clark Publishing Co.), tells of frays with the Indians on the Western plains in the years immediately preceding the civil war, with a lad of eighteen as a prominent figure. G. Manville Fenn's "Tention!" (W. & R. Chambers) is a story of boy life during the Peninsular war, when a youthful private and a more youthful bugler, separated from their regiment by the chances of war, acquire vast experience in perils, rescues, brave endurance, and gallant actions. "The Young Rangers," by Everett T. Tomlinson (W. A. Wilde Co.), belongs to the author's Colonial Series, and is a story of the conquest of Canada, dealing with "prowling redmen and marauding Frenchmen," offset by eccentric and other Americans.

In "Heroes Every Child Should Know," one of Hamilton W. Mabie's well-known series (Doubleday, Page & Co.), the editor takes from the best sources accounts of some twenty heroes, ranging from Perseus to Father Damien. T. Y. Crowell issues two meritorious little volumes, one by H. L. Havell, "Tales from Herodotus," a particularly desirable sort of preparation for children's nourishment, and "Stories from Scottish History," this being a selection with only slight rearrangement, and with disarming apology, by Madalen G. Edgar, from Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," bringing them into an encouraging compass for to-day's children. A little book called "Great Names and Nations," by Harmon B. Niver (George S. Hulbert & Co.), is for very small readers' profit, whisking them cheerfully through the infancy of the old nations of earth, history and biography being carefully given their due proportions.

George P. Upton translates from German sources (A. C. McClurg & Co.) "Life Stories for Young People," which rather clumsy name is worn by a pleasantly illustrated series, one convenient little volume for each of the subjects, which are William of Orange, the Maid of Orleans, Gudrun, the Nibelungs, with others. McClurg ministers further to the young by the series called "Old Tales Retold for Young Readers," a good example being the "Canterbury Tales," rewritten in a simple prose, which yet preserves much of the Chaucerian phrase and rhythm. The skillful reteller is Calvin Dill Wilson, who has dealt similarly with the "Faery Queen." Another series worthy of attention is the Children's Heroes Series, edited by John Lang and published by Dutton. A good instance is the story of Sir Walter Raleigh by Margaret Duncan Kelly, with colored pictures by T. H. Robinson. The volume fits itself ingratiatingly into a small hand. Another noteworthy volume in the same series is "The Story of Joan of Arc" by Andrew Lang. In his novel, "The Monk of Fife," he dealt with the same period, and now he relates the life of the wonderful maid simply and well for children. It is a subject to inspire any writer; and it is well fitted to Mr. Lang's hand.

High among fairy books must be placed Andrew Lang's annual offering—this time "The Orange Fairy Book" (Longmans, Green, & Co.). This volume contains sto-

ries from the natives of Rhodesia, Uganda, the Punjab, Jutland, and various other sources. Some of them, indeed, have been edited from the pages of the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*. The illustrations, both in color and in black and white, by H. J. Ford are excellent.

"The Russian Grandmother's Wonder Tales," by Louise Seymour Houghton (Charles Scribner's Sons), will, as she suggests, be found reminiscent of Uncle Remus and of Oriental fairy stories, besides carrying touches of Russian folk-lore and the Slavonian background which the little boy and grandmother supply. Lippincott publishes a fairy-story book, "Bluebell and the Sleepy King," by Aubrey Hopwood and Seymour Hicks, telling the amusing adventures of a little girl nurtured on fairy tales and on "Alice in Wonderland." Maud Ballington Booth's "Twilight Fairy Tales" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) tells of a little boy who found the magic land of "Maybe" the more readily for faithfulness in the land of "Is," and so lived cheek by jowl with fairies when he had behaved himself properly. Clifton Johnson's "Birch Tree Fairy Book" (Little, Brown & Co.) is an anthology of many old favorites changed only so far as to contain modified and mitigated stepmothers. The Century Company issues "Fairy Tales Retold from Saint Nicholas," sixteen in number, old and new, prose and verse. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's two little child-size volumes, "Queen Silver-Bell" and "Racketty-Packetty House" (Century Co.) are full of fairies, dolls, humor, and merry little pictures. The Scribners publish in a beautiful new edition "The Queen's Museum and Other Fanciful Tales" of Frank Stockton's creation. The collection includes "The Griffin and the Minor Canon," with other immortals.

The Scribners also publish two new Beard books; one, "The Field and Forest Handy-Book," by D. C. Beard, a guide for boys' activities in making equipment for each season's out-of-door pursuits, from spring kites to winter bob-sleds and snow statues, with log houses and fire engines, and all the comforts of the changing year. The other, "Things Worth Doing, and How to Do Them," by Lina and Adelia B. Beard, the authors' fourth book for girls, gives directions for a great variety of useful and amusing objects and occupations. How to find the principal constellations, and how to inaugurate a circus in the nursery, are but two of the feet by which to judge this Hercules. Everything is described and illustrated with the utmost care and clearness.

"Why the Robin's Breast is Red," by Emma Gellibrand (Fleming H. Revell), is a thin volume, but a stout exemplification of that anthropomorphism which is the besetting sin of nature books, and particularly bird books. Here is Jenny Wren deserted by Bull Finch, and dying of love for Robin Redbreast, like any Camille. Douglas English, in a second edition of "Wee Tim'rous Beesties" (S. H. Bousfield & Co.), humanizes his creatures to some extent, but as a naturalist and not a novelist, adding a wealth of the photographic illustrations which are his specialty.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company publishes "The Wild Flower Book for Young

People," by Alice Lounsberry, a happy combination of story and botany, illustrated: Margaret Coulson Walker's "Lady Hollyhock and Her Friends" (the Baker & Taylor Co.) is full of delightful illustrated hints for making dolls and other humans out of flowers and vegetables.

Books about children for grown-ups are "The Very Small Person," by Annie Hamilton Donnell (Harper & Bros.), a volume full of misunderstood children with anachronistic feelings, yet warranted to bring tears; Mrs. Henry De La Pasture's "A Toy Tragedy" (E. P. Dutton & Co.); "Dearlove," by Frances Campbell (Dutton), a tale of a vacation carnival of make-believe; and "Polly and the Aunt," by M. E. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a child-biography as distinguished and as healthy as childhood itself. "The Hill-top Girl," by L. T. Meade (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is a magnified non-natural picture of girls and their guardians.

Good straightaway stories for the plain citizens of girl-land, are "A Borrowed Sister," by Eliza Orne White (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and Carolyn Wells's "Dorrance Doings" (W. A. Wilde Co.). "Merrylips," by Beulah Marie Dix (Macmillan Co.), is of the adventurous order, made semi-historic by putting the little heroine with her boy's disguise into the thick of Cavalier and Roundhead troubles. "The Wishbone Boat," by Alice C. D. Riley (H. M. Caldwell Co.), if it does not wholly suggest "Alice in Wonderland," was obviously suggested by it. There was probably a point, however, at which the frog who tried to emulate the ox was amusing, and this wonder-book is not without cleverness. Charles J. Bellamy in "The Wonder Children" (Macmillan Co.) blends fairies and boys in a group of stories admonitory but readable. Julia A. Schwartz's "Elinor's College Career" (Little, Brown & Co.) is more really a college story and less a dwarf novel than usual. From the same firm comes "A Sheaf of Stories," by Susan Coolidge, full of the habitual good sense and good English of that lamented writer. "The Airship Dragonfly," by William John Hopkins (Doubleday, Page & Co.), dwells in dizzy heights, its aerial soarings equalled only by the wiles of the smuggler and the beneficent arts and crafts of its highly endowed youngsters.

The fifth edition of John Denison Champlin's "Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Persons and Places" (Henry Holt & Co.) will be welcomed by all boys and girls of alert, inquiring mind. This edition has been brought down to May of the present year. Among the events recorded are the Russo-Japanese war, the establishment of Norway as an independent kingdom, the Baltimore fire, the eruption of Vesuvius in 1906, and the destruction of San Francisco. Among the new persons to whom space is given are Oyama, Togo, Kuropatkin, Rojestvensky, and the new Pope, Pius X.

NOTES FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

"Where are the book shops of old time?" sang Austin Dobson. Thomas Gosden, publisher, bookseller, engraver, bookbinder, fisherman, and sportsman, who did business at "The Sportsman's Repository," is introduced to bibliophiles of to-day by William

Loring Andrews in his book just issued from the Gillis Press—an edition limited to 125 copies on Van Gelder paper and 32 copies on Japan paper. Gosden, 1780-1840, has been known as an engraver of prints, mostly sporting subjects, or as a binder of angling books. Mr. Andrews has reproduced his eight-page "Catalogue of Engravings and Books on Angling and Field Sports," issued in 1825, which shows the character of his business. As a publisher, Gosden is best known by his reprint of Zouch's "Life of Walton," and by the ninth Hawkins edition of Walton's "Angler." Each of these contains a prefatory "advertisement" by him. Though Gosden made the designs of all his bindings, and no doubt cut his own tools and stamps, Mr. Andrews has not found evidence that he actually did binding with his own hands. Specimens of his stamped or stamped and tooled bindings occasionally turn up in the market. They are always decorated with angling or sporting subjects. Besides the handsome title-page, engraved by Sidney L. Smith, the volume contains sixteen fine reproductions in photogravure of prints, bindings, etc., executed by Gosden.

Harvard University Library has recently acquired a complete set of the rare original folio issue of *Spectator*. The first number appeared on March 1, 1711; the last, No. 555, December 6, 1712. The periodical was, however, revived on June 18, 1714, when No. 556 appeared. Eighty additional issues were issued; the last was numbered 636, though it was actually 635, for No. 607 was skipped. A few additional copies of two different periodicals with the title the *Spectator* were published in 1716, but with these Addison had no connection. One series began on January 3, 1716, and continued for at least nineteen issues, No. 19 being dated March 11. These nineteen numbers are also in the Harvard library. Another series began in June, 1716, of which Nos. 2 to 8 are included in the set recently acquired by that library. Nos. 2 and 3 are marked "given gratis"; the later numbers are priced at three half-pence. The Harvard set was formerly Malone's, and has a few manuscript notes by him. When sold at Sotheby's in 1901, it brought the ridiculously low price of £7. It has since been rebound by Riviere, and Harvard paid \$500 for it. The set is not unique. Robert Hoe of this city has a fine complete set, 635 numbers, entirely untrimmed.

On Monday, December 17, the Anderson Auction Company of this city offers a collection of books gathered from various sources. The series, illustrated by Cruikshank, is unusual, including some of the most sought-for pieces. Most notable, perhaps, is the first edition of both series of Grimm's Tales, 1823-1826. The first editions of Dickens include two sets of "Oliver Twist," 1838, both being the first issue with title reading "By Boz"; two sets of the "Memoirs of Grimaldi," two volumes, 1838, both having the last plate in the earliest state; and "Master Humphrey's Clock," 1840-1841, in the original eighty-eight weekly parts. The two most valuable volumes in the sale are no doubt Keats's "Poems," 1817, and "Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of St. Agnes, and Other Poems," 1820, both in the original boards, uncut, and each having verses in Keats's auto-

graph inserted. They were formerly Frederick Locker's copies, and each contains notes in his autograph as well as his bookplate. Among other items of Americana are: Mackenzie's "Voyages," 1801; and Heriot's "History of Canada," 1804, boards, uncut. There are a few volumes of early poetry and plays, including Thomas Carew's "Poems," 1640; Massinger's "The Picture," 1630; and three plays by Shirley, "The Duke's Mistress," 1638, "The Maidens Revenge," 1639, and "Arcadia," 1640. A few good autograph letters and documents are included: a letter, signed, of Washington, written from West Point, July 22, 1779, giving an account of the battle of Stony Point; an autograph letter, signed, of Lincoln, written December 17, 1863, to Thurlow Weed; and several letters, of Emerson.

The sale of the fourth part of the library of Wilberforce Eames, which begins at the rooms of the Anderson Auction Co. in this city to-day, is continued to-morrow afternoon and evening. Among the items offered to-morrow are catalogues of many important old-time sales, as: Heber, 77 days' sale, 1834-1836; Hibbert, 42 days' sale, 1829; Libri, 1847-1868, and Tite, 1874.

On December 14 and 15, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge offer at auction in London a collection of books and manuscripts, including the library and correspondence of Charles Lever, sold by order of his grandson. Some of the books contain Lever's autograph; a collection of his novels in eleven volumes has an especially interesting inscription, having been given by him to his wife, and on her death to his daughter Julia. The manuscripts include 310 letters by Lever himself to his wife and daughter, and letters from Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Macaulay, Lover, Trollope, and others, written to Lever. Among the other properties are seven out of the nine Shakspeare quartos which A. W. Pollard's investigations led him to believe were bound up as remainders by some bookseller, perhaps shortly before the appearance of the first folio. These are "A Midsummer Night's Dreame," Roberts, 1600; "The Merchant of Venice," Roberts, 1600; "King Lear," Nathaniel Butter, 1608; "The Whole Contention Betwene the Two Famous Houses Lancaster and Yorke" [1619]; "Pericles," 1619; and the two spurious plays, "Sir John Oldcastle," 1600, and "A Yorkshire Tragedie," 1619. The last four were printed for Thomas Pavier, the imprint reading "for T. P." There is a copy of "The Two Noble Kinsmen," first edition, 1634, according to the title, by Fletcher and Shakspeare; and a copy of "A Pleasant Comedie of Fair Em, the Miller's Daughter," first edition, 1631, which has been ascribed to Shakspeare. There are also copies of the second and fourth folios, the former having the leaf of verses in facsimile. There are ten out of the twelve drawings made by William Blake to illustrate "Paradise Lost"; and an old folio scrapbook, containing a large number of original sketches, engravings, trial proofs, etc., by Blake. The Keats material, sold by a descendant of John Taylor of the firm of Taylor & Hessey, Keats's publishers, is also of unusual interest. There is a portrait in sepia on a piece of cardboard 5 1-16 by 3 1/2 inches, with this inscription in Severn's autograph at the bottom: "28 Jany.

3 o'clock morn'g. drawn to keep me awake, a deadly sweat was on him all this night." Another portrait, a pencil drawing, by William Hilton, apparently unpublished, shows Keats seated at a table, his chin resting on his left hand. The lot includes also a lock of Keats's hair, with endorsement by Richard Woodhouse; and a "testamentary Paper" being a sort of will written by Keats when he was just about to start on a voyage to Naples.

At the auction of the Duke of Sutherland's Trentham Hall Library, by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, in London during the latter part of November, the following high prices were realized: Æsop, with German woodcuts, 1501, £25; "Breviarum de Camera secundum Usum Romanum," 1494, £29 10s.; Coryat's "Crudities," 1611, £36 10s.; Erasmus's New Testament in Greek and Latin, first five editions, 1516-1535, £39 10s.; Froissart's "Chronicles," Pynson, 1523-1525, £30; Gower's "De Confessione Amantis," 1554, £35; Higden's "Polychronicon," 1527, £29 10s.; Ben Jonson's copy of Martial, with autograph and manuscript notes, £100; Le Roy's "Les Politiques d'Aristote," 1576-1579, dedication copy to Henry III. of France and Poland, bound by Clovis Eve, £660; Melancthon's copy of Homer's "Odyssey," 1525, £26 10s.; English manuscript Psalter, fourteenth century, illuminated, £325; Earl of Pembroke's "Poems," 1660, £20; third folio of Shakspeare, 1664, £390.

Three of Shelley's note books, which had been given by Sir Percy and Lady Shelley to the late Richard Garnett, were the most valuable items in Dr. Garnett's library which was dispersed at auction by Sotheby's on December 6. They brought, according to cabled report, £3,000, and were bought, it is said, for an American. Shelley's earliest drafts of his verses, such as those which fill the pages of these note books, were crudely written, in great haste, and sometimes hardly decipherable. Trelawney thus described a similar first draft of a poem:

It was a frightful scrawl; words smeared out with his finger, and one upon the other over and over in tiers, and all run together in most "admirable disorder." It might have been taken for a sketch of a marsh overgrown with bulrushes, and the blots for wild ducks; such a dashed-off daub as self-conceited artists mistake for a manifestation of genius.

William Michael Rossetti prepared a list of the contents of Dr. Garnett's three note books, indicating those pieces which are apparently unpublished. Among the poems of which early drafts appear are the following: "Ode to the West Wind," written in faint pencil across another poem, three lines in ink, may possibly be complete; the latter portion of "The Sensitive Plant"; "To Night"; "The Masque of Anarchy," nearly, possibly quite, complete; "Good Night"; "A Lament," etc. Among the prose pieces are: the Preface to "The Cenci," part of the Preface to "Julian and Maddalo," and part of the Preface to "Prometheus Unbound." The unpublished pieces, while numerous, seem to be short and fragmentary.

At the auction of the library of Gov. Samuel W. Pennypacker, held by Stan. V. Henkels at Philadelphia last week, one of the most important items was the first printed laws of the colony of Penn-

sylvania, printed by Andrew Bradford, 1714. Bound in this copy were four rare Session Laws, 1715-1719, one at least of which is said to be unique. The volume brought \$725. The second printed Pennsylvania laws, 1728, brought \$85. A collection of the Session Laws of Pennsylvania, 1776-1781, printed by John Dunlap, eighteen pieces in one volume, brought \$150. Several of the German and Swedish books reached good prices. Hesselio's "Kort Berättelse," 1725, brought \$110; Böhm's "Getreuer Warnungs Brief," 1742, \$102; "Missive van William Penn," 1684, \$55; Penn's "Further Account of the Province of Pennsylvania," 1685, \$90, a very low price; "A Letter to Mr. Penn, With His Answer," 1688, of which three editions were printed in one year, \$62.50. Holme's "Mapp of ye improved Part of Pennsylvania," 1690, the first engraved map of the region, was bought by the Pennsylvania State Library for \$200—another low price.

An exhibition of fine bindings will be open until December 24 at the book shop of E. D. North, No. 4 East Thirty-ninth Street, in this city. The collection is composed largely of examples of the work of nineteenth-century binders of France, England, and America. There are also examples by earlier binders, and some of the older works bear the coats of arms of famous owners, such as Madame de Pompadour, Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Charles II.

Edwin Davis French, an American designer of book-plates, with an international reputation, died in this city on Saturday. He was born in 1851 and studied at the Art Students' League—of which he was president later, from 1889 to 1891. His friend, Samuel P. Avery, induced him to try his hand at book-plates in 1894, and five years later his work was in such high repute that it was made the subject of a special catalogue. The collection of his plates made by Mr. Avery is now in the New York Public Library. Mr. French sought and secured a wide range of decorative effects in clear line. The product of his twelve years of book-plate drawing was between two and three hundred designs.

Dreamthorp: A Book of Essays Written in the Country. By Alexander Smith. With a biographical and critical introduction by John Hogben. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1 net.

Half a century has passed since the critics were quarrelling over the writings of Alexander Smith, and his very name is almost forgotten except by professed students of literature. His poetry—"A Life-Drama," "City Poems," and "Edwin of Deira"—was the bone of contention; and the question was whether he was an author of original power or a mere imitator of Tennyson and others of his betters. He was one of the victims of Prof. W. E. Aytoun's "Firmilian, a Spasmodic Tragedy." His output of verse was small, for he died at the age of thirty-seven; but posterity has reached the decision that some, at least, of his work is the product of genuine inspiration. His two novels, "Alfred Hagart's Household" and "Miss Oona McQuarrie," contain interesting sketches of Scottish life, but they are not likely to be reprinted. His prose essays, however, are of more enduring stuff.

"Dreamthorp," published in 1863, is now deservedly revived in a new edition.

Admirers of Stevenson's essays have often remarked the likeness between Stevenson and Hazlitt. Indeed, the younger writer has freely admitted his debt to the elder. In telling how he learned to write, he confesses that he "played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt." To Hazlitt and also, we think, to Alexander Smith. There are, as critics have already noted, many points of resemblance; and Stevenson's "Apology for Idlers" is little more than Smith's "On Vagabonds" brought up to date. Yet the resemblances may be chiefly due to the fact that both Smith and Stevenson derive from Hazlitt, the great master of the discursive essay. The art of writing in this fashion seems to be lost. Lamb was an adept; Thackeray could sometimes do it, as in "Roundabout Papers." But who are their successors? We might mention Andrew Lang, Augustine Birrell, Austen Dobson, Gilbert K. Chesterton, and in this country Agnes Repplier. But these essayists, however excellent their intentions, are all victims of modern journalism. The reader of to-day, who takes his literary quick lunch in snatches, and the editor who caters to him, demand that the essay shall be short and direct. There is no time for loitering by the way, however alluring the outlook; no time for amusing divagations and flights of fancy.

Alexander Smith belongs to the older and more leisurely school. He holds that an essayist is "a chartered libertine and a law unto himself." He stops to describe the scenery, and charming scenery it is. He shows us Dreamthorp, "fallen asleep in the afternoon sunshine."

Dreamthorp—a castle, a chapel, a lake, a straggling strip of gray houses, with a blue film of smoke over all—lies embosomed in emerald. Summer, with its daisies, runs up to every cottage door. From the little height where I am now sitting I see it beneath me. Nothing could be more peaceful. The wind and the birds fly over it. A passing sunbeam makes brilliant a white gable-end. . . . On the walls of the next Academy's exhibition will hang nothing half so beautiful.

He is never in too much of a hurry to sketch a character or moralize his tale. Yet in spite of this appearance of sauntering he moves surely toward his goal. His whimsicalities converge upon his thesis; beneath all his apparent digressions is an underlying principle.

He ranges through a wide variety of topics; but the idea to which he recurs most often is that death waits at our elbow. Perhaps this turn of melancholy was due to a secret warning that in his own case, at least, the inevitable end could not be long delayed. He touches upon death with humor, with delicate irony, and again with fine gravity. In "A Lark's Flight" he treats of the death of malefactors on the scaffold in a descriptive passage of extraordinary power. He burns with "unappeasable curiosity" to "wrest from the death of the criminal information as to the great secret in which each is profoundly interested." Yet he is driven back from the quest, baffled. His search, after all, has carried him no further into the great enigma than a child of ten can penetrate. Death may not, he concludes, "be so difficult, may not be so terrible, as our fears whisper: The dead keep their

secrets, and in a little while we shall be as wise as they—and as taciturn."

Americans of the bygone generation had an opportunity to read "Dreamthorp" in the reprint published in Boston, in 1864. Those fortunate oldsters will be glad to greet a former acquaintance in this excellent new edition, with its competent introduction by John Hogben. Those who are not familiar with Alexander Smith's prose, with its happy turns and occasionally daring tropes may put down the book as worth buying and reading.

Among Country Schools. By O. J. Kern. Boston: Ginn and Company. \$1.25.

In refreshingly vigorous, unconventional style Mr. Kern, superintendent of schools in Winnebago County, Illinois, sets forth the movements on foot in the Middle West for the improvement of country schools. These movements include the erection of attractive buildings, the improvement of school grounds by landscape gardening, the establishment of school gardens, the decoration of class rooms, travelling art exhibits, permanent and travelling libraries, better-trained teachers, and better programmes of study. A striking feature is the increased attention to scientific agriculture. This is one important phase of the general movement to make country life more profitable and attractive, and to check the tide of emigration from country to city. Most striking of all is the growing tendency to consolidate the small scattered schools of each township into a single well-graded school, centrally located, with daily transportation of pupils from and to their homes at public expense.

Any one who desires information as to the ways and means, and the actual results of experience in carrying out these reforms, or a good discussion of the financial problems involved, will do well to read this book. Here is a county superintendent with ideas, the courage of his convictions, and the ability to persuade taxpayers to look at the matter from his point of view. "There is no halo coming" to the men who bring about these reforms, says Superintendent Kern. He is quite right. The shame is that more men in his position are not awake to their duty and their opportunity.

Drama.

Molière. A Biography. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. With an introduction by T. F. Crane. New York: Duffield & Co. \$3 net.

If Sainte-Beuve was right when he said that every man who knows how to read "makes one more reader for Molière," his saying is likely to become as true for the English-speaking world as it has been for the French. While Corneille, Racine, and La Fontaine do not appear to command much interest nowadays among American and English readers, Molière, on the contrary, is the object of a revival as enthusiastic as it is general, to which sundry manifestations of recent date, on both sides of the ocean, bear unmistakable testimony. The latest evidence of this ever-present interest in the most modern of French seventeenth-century dramatists is the appear-

ance of this new biography by an American writer. It is to satisfy the curiosity of the layman, the general reader who wants to know Molière, and yet cannot read French, that Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has obviously written this handsomely illustrated and beautifully printed book. Therefore we have no right to complain of not finding in this biography developments or discussions that the very title forbids us to expect; no generalities on the French comedy before Molière, no attempt to show the influence of Molière's art at home and abroad, not a word about the deficiencies of his style—that famous bone of contention among French critics from La Bruyère down to Edmond Scherer.

On the other hand we find a good, readable, and reliable story of his life, his career, and his plays; a true and often brilliant sketch of the dramatic, the literary, and the court life of the time; a clear and not too monotonous analysis of the best comedies; and all this is written in an easy and chatty style by a man of the world who speaks to men of the world, interspersing his recital with philosophical remarks, comparisons with things as they are now, *obiter dicta* from friends known and unknown, pleasantries on the delicate urbanity of the Parisian hackmen. But this conversationalist is not a superficial and hastily informed writer. He has spared neither time nor trouble to place before his reader an accurate and up-to-date likeness of his hero. He has read all that was essential to the subject, gone to the sources, visited the landmarks, examined the documents, weighed the arguments, sifted the evidence on all contested points, and finally formed a personal opinion which he submits candidly, without disguising a strong preference for a good anecdote and picturesque story, even when they are not substantiated by irrefutable authorities. His chapter on Tartuffe contains, if we dare use a kind of language that he does not seem to be afraid of, "a scoop" on the recent rival biographers of Molière, by giving the latest interpretation of Tartuffe's identity, as explained by Raoul Allier in his "Cabale des Dévots."

The book presents an authentic and, as far as possible, exhaustive story of the great comedian's life, divided into its three well-defined periods; from 1622 to 1643, his youth and early education as a scion of a well-to-do middle-class Parisian family; from 1643 to 1658, his "barnstorming" career through the provinces, with its various incidents, told by local police records; finally, from 1658 to 1673, his return to Paris, his fifteen years of literary activity, histrionic successes, and managerial responsibility. The deadly strain of this last period told on his weakened health, and cut off this scoffer at medicine at the age of fifty-one—from twenty to thirty years before all the great writers of his generation. When we remember that we have not ten lines of Molière's handwriting, that for his early career we have to rely on a biography written in 1705, thirty-five years after his death, that his family relations have been obscured by anonymous slanders as difficult to refute as to believe, and that his whole biography is built on scraps of evidence gathered from provincial records, legal papers,

deeds, entries on birth and death registers, bits of gossip scattered through the correspondence of contemporaries and pamphlets of enemies, it is indeed remarkable that such a continuous and, as a whole, satisfactory account should be written.

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor distributes his story over eighteen chapters, in which the chronological order is respected to the extent of placing together under one strangely chosen title, productions as different as "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "L'Avare," and "George Dandin," and separating in chapters widely apart such plays as "Les Précieuses Ridicules" and "Les Femmes Savantes." Elsewhere, fortunately, the author was less afraid of taking liberties with chronology. To that inconsistency we owe some excellent chapters such as that on Molière and the Physicians. The work of a biographer must be one of condensation and arrangement. If there was more of both, we might perhaps have had of Molière as a man and of the general aim of his work as a censor of society a more vivid and consistent idea. The chronology and bibliography at the end of the book are most helpful, although the latter leaves out books that touch on the literary side of Molière, and therefore does not pretend to be exhaustive. Professor Crane fittingly introduces the subject, and nobody could do it with more authority than the author of two scholarly books on that same period.

Slips are comparatively few in this book of 446 pages. On page 90 Renaudot is meant, not Renoudot; on 392 the word *ainst* must be supplied in the first line of Cléante's speech. The extracts from the plays are judiciously chosen and felicitously translated.

"On the Safeguarding of Life in Theatres" is a reprint, with elaborations, of an address delivered last winter before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers by the president, John R. Freeman. It contains much matter of vital importance to the public in general and to all public officers responsible for precautions against fire in places of entertainment. It is a scientific treatise by an expert, and its statements are amply fortified by facts, figures, and illustrations. Some of these are exceedingly disquieting. Like other qualified students of the subject, Mr. Freeman holds and practically demonstrates that the great safeguards against the recurrence of such calamities as that of the Iroquois Theatre, in Chicago, are ample, automatic smoke vents over the stage, a plentiful supply of automatic sprinklers, and ready means of exit. Most important of all are the smoke vents, which, according to the building law in this city, must, in combined area, be equal to one-eighth of the area of the stage. In nearly all the most fatal theatre fires in this country and in Europe, the loss of life has been due mainly to the asphyxiating smoke and gases pouring into the auditorium through the proscenium arch. Yet Mr. Freeman maintains that in only a small percentage of even the newest theatres in this country are these smoke vents sufficiently large or so arranged as to be instantly serviceable. In many cases, he says, they are covered by wire screens, which in case of fire would be almost instantly choked by char-

red fragments, thus stopping the up-draught in which the sole salvation of the audience would lie. In other cases the machinery for the automatic opening of the vents is altogether inadequate. Moreover, Mr. Freeman seems to prove that there is the smallest justification for the faith that is often put in the efficacy of the so-called asbestos curtain. Further, he maintains that no "fireproofing" substance is of much account where there is a considerable body of flame. But this is rather beside the point. The object of the fireproofing, as it is called, is to prevent a fire from beginning, and for this purpose it is undoubtedly efficacious, as was clearly shown by the experiments of Lester Wallack and Dion Boucicault thirty years ago, to which Mr. Freeman alludes, and of which the writer of this paragraph was an eye-witness. But Mr. Freeman's paper is worthy of serious attention on the part of all fire and building authorities.

The Dramatic Revival Society, of which F. R. Benson, J. T. Grein, G. H. Burrows, and W. T. Stead are the moving spirits, seems to be making solid progress in England. It has found support in powerful quarters, and now issues a proclamation, of which the following is the main part:

The first object of this society is to facilitate and encourage amateur dramatic representations throughout the country, especially in villages by the villagers themselves, in schools by the scholars, for purposes of education and recreation. The extraordinary potency of the dramatic method as an instrument of elementary education has been such a revelation to some of us that we may paraphrase Wagner's well-known saying and declare that in the drama there lies the spiritual seed and kernel of all poetic and national ethical culture. Our elementary schools will never truly succeed in stimulating the sluggish mind of our youth until the drama's all-powerful assistance has been completely recognized and guaranteed. The society has established a central office where the experience of each may be rendered available for the service of all and has secured in many counties a representative who will organize local committees. In this way it is hoped that the society will be able to do much—(a) to give a new stimulus to the methods of elementary education; (b) to provide instructive and intellectual recreation for rural districts; (c) to popularize among the British people the dramatic masterpieces of all times and countries; (d) to assist in the revival and production of pageants, mysteries, moralities, lyrical, and poetical plays; and (e) to encourage dramatic experiments of untried authors.

W. B. Yeats's new poetic play of "Deirdre," given in the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, is reported a great success. The plot is taken from the concluding scene of the famous story of Naisi and Deirdre, in which the lovers are decoyed and slain by King Conchobar. Miss Derragh played the emotional part of Deirdre with fine effect.

Music.

TWO OPERATIC NOVELTIES.

At the Metropolitan Opera House Heinrich Conried produced two of his promised novelties in the second week of his season. Concerning the first of these novelties, Giordano's "Fedora," little need be said. It is far from being a masterwork, and it was obviously produced chiefly in order to give

Lina Cavalleri a chance to make her début in America in a "prima donna opera"—a work providing an opportunity to show that she has rare personal beauty, and that she is at the same time a good vocalist and a better actress. Giordano's work is, like so many operas of the modern Italian school, based on a popular play. Yet his powers of invention are feeble, and neither in the vocal melody nor in the orchestral score is there sufficient charm to counteract the disagreeably choppy effect of the staccato dialogue as set to music.

Far more successful was the second novelty—an operatic version by Raoul Gunsbourg of Berlioz's dramatic legend, "La Damnation de Faust." While there is reason to believe that Berlioz wrote concert music chiefly because he could not get his operas accepted, there is no record, so far as known to the writer, of his having ever thought of his "Faust" in connection with the theatre. He failed even in his efforts to acclimate it in Paris as a concert piece. The first attempt, in 1846, landed him in debt, and up to the year of his death, 1869, the Parisians heard nothing of this score but an occasional fragment. The composer never dreamt that his greatest work would one day become popular in the concert hall, and still less that it would be acted on the stage with sumptuous scenic background. Nothing more charming than the aerial ballet which accompanies and illustrates the fairy waltz of the third act has been seen in any theatre that makes a specialty of scenic effects. The march of the Hungarian army to the inspiring strains of the Rakoczy march is another impressive scene; still another, the student carousal in Auerbach's cellar, in which Mr. Conrad's forces set a new standard of choral singing by their superb rendering of the "fugue." While Goethe saves Faust in the end, Berlioz, with his unique love of the horrible, could not forego the pleasure of sending him to hell; so the audience witnesses an infernal panoramic phantasmagoria of monstrosities and diabolical tortures that might have been painted by Doré. Berlioz's Faust also differs from Goethe's in that he makes the pact with the devil not to gain pleasure, but to save Marguerite. The vocal parts were well rendered by Geraldine Farrar, Rousselière, Chalmin, and Plançon.

The Music of To-morrow and Other Studies. By Lawrence Gilman. New York: The John Lane Co.

The Romantic Composers. By Daniel Gregory Mason. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.75 net.

While many magazine editors have come to the conclusion that the reading public does not want essays, the publishers of books, especially of books on musical topics, are sending forth numerous volumes of essays. One such collection, Hubert Parry's "Studies of Great Composers," has passed through eight editions. Parrys, to be sure, do not grow on every tree; but we have musical writers worth reading on this side of the ocean, too. One of these is Lawrence Gilman, whose "Phases of Modern Music" and "Edward MacDowell" are promptly followed by a third little volume of 144 pages. Mr. Gilman is nothing if not modern. Himself an incipient composer, he studies eagerly the latest—the very latest—mani-

festations of musical genius or talent, and makes his readers share his interest, with the aid of an imaginative style and abundant knowledge. It is a little startling—but also comforting—to find this former champion of Richard Strauss declaring that "even the flagrant modernity of Strauss is become—if one may venture to whisper it—a little out-moded, a little *vieux jeu*"; and that "if the 'Domestic' proved an exasperation and a disappointment, 'Salomé,' the latest product of Straussian intelligence, has almost the character of an affliction." One of Mr. Gilman's present idols (who may be bowled over, too, later on) is Claude Debussy, of Paris, the man with a "sincere passion for the esoteric." We get from these pages a luminous idea of modern French ideals, on which further light is thrown in a chapter on Vincent d'Indy. Under the head of "Modern Music" Mr. Gilman tries to prove, with perhaps more ingenuity than success, that in the representative music of to-day the "love interest" has come to occupy a subordinate position. Admirers of Wagner will read with great interest what Mr. Gilman has to say on "A Neglected Page" of that composer—the remarkable changes made by him in the Paris version of "Tannhäuser."

Of the seven essays contained in Mr. Mason's book, the one on Chopin is by far the best. It is written with sympathy, based on close familiarity, and gives an excellent idea of the great Pole's revolutionary and uniquely original achievements; yet at the end the author mars it all by echoing those comic traditional critical doubts as to whether Chopin is a fixed star "of the first magnitude," "a giant like Bach, or Mozart, or Handel, or Beethoven," which have been a standing joke in musical circles for several decades. If Chopin has done all those wonderful things, he is certainly as great as any musical Teuton. Very Teutonic is Mr. Mason's estimate of the Hungarian Liszt—or, rather, his estimate is that which used to prevail in Germany, but is now being radically modified, as can be seen in the writings of Riemann, Breithaupt, Leopold Schmidt, and many others, who are beginning to see how well founded was and is the enthusiasm for Liszt shown by Wagner, Bülow, Saint-Saëns, Dvorák, Grieg, MacDowell, Paderewski, D'Albert, Hans Richter, Seidl, Nikisch, and most eminent musicians of our time. Against these men, of course, the reader may accept the verdict of Daniel Gregory Mason that Liszt's methods of writing for the pianoforte are "those of barbarism," and his orchestration "radically vulgar." He may also accept his equally amazing condemnation of Schubert's greatest and most influential songs. If not, he may find compensation in the chapters on Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Berlioz, which are readable and instructive.

On German concert programmes few symphonic writers appear oftener to-day than Anton Bruckner, but in this city his music has been strangely neglected. Since Théodore Thomas produced his seventh symphony (which first established Bruckner's reputation in Europe), twenty years ago, it had not been heard here till last Thursday, when Dr. Muck conducted it at a Carnegie Hall concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck is a Bruck-

ner specialist, and in this score he revealed a wealth of beauty and feeling. The Brucknerites of Germany have written much concerning the tragedy of Bruckner's life—the hopes deferred because of the hostility of the powerful Brahms clique, headed by Hanslick. Yet Bruckner was his own worst enemy, by his lack of moderation. He never knew when to stop; one of his symphonies lasts ninety minutes, and all of them would gain immensely by being condensed to one-half their dimensions. But even as they are, they are more interesting than the symphonic works of Brahms and Strauss; more beautiful in orchestration, deeper in feeling. Dvorák and Tchaikovsky excepted, no composer since Beethoven has written such soulful adagios as Bruckner. The seventh proves this; still more the ninth, which, it is to be hoped, Dr. Muck will also let us hear before he returns to Berlin.

Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," which Walter Damrosch has chosen for production by the New York Symphony Orchestra, at the fourth subscription concerts, at Carnegie Hall, next Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon, has not been played in New York during the last six years. The soloist at these concerts will be Moritz Rosenthal.

The season of German opera at London begins at Covent Garden January 17, under the management of Ernst van Dyke. Arthur Nikisch, Leopold Reichwein, and Franz Schalk will be conductors, the last-named in place of Michael Balling, who is ill. Eugène Ysaye will conduct performances of "Fidelio."

Charles Santley, the baritone, will celebrate his artistic jubilee next year; a movement is already on foot, with Lord Kilmorey at its head, for a suitable celebration. It is suggested that a jubilee concert should be held in May next at the Albert Hall.

Art.

The Art of the Greeks. By H. B. Walters. With 112 plates and 18 illustrations in the text. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$6.

The last few years have been particularly prolific in histories dealing with Greek sculpture, Greek architecture, Greek vase-painting, and so on. This selection of one branch of Greek art to the exclusion of all others inevitably made the results one-sided. The need was felt more and more for a work on the "art of the Greeks," giving us a complete picture of their artistic activity in every field. Only such a work could trace along many lines the achievements of the Greek genius, which remained the same whether it had marble, bronze, gold, or clay for its material.

Two years ago Mr. Walters contributed a small volume on "Greek Art," to the series of Little Books on Art, published by Methuen & Co. Its purpose was chiefly to review the history of Greek sculpture, painting, architecture, vase-painting, bronze-work, terra-cottas, gems, and coins. Considering the small size of the book, the task was carried out with wonderful suc-

cess. Brief, and more or less popular the account had to be, but, it seemed to include everything essential, and, if necessarily incomplete, it was throughout suggestive. Mr. Walters's present "Art of the Greeks" is about five times the size of the former volume. We should expect, therefore, to have the subject treated much more fully, so that the reader, stimulated by the earlier book, might pass on to the new for a more thorough, less superficial understanding. But the voluminous appearance of the new work is misleading. The paper and type are excellent, but, together, they take up so much space that, in spite of bulkiness, the volume contains at most about double the number of words of the primer. Moreover, the smaller book has been incorporated word for word in the larger. Only now and then are some additional paragraphs inserted, and two new chapters have been added, one on the characteristics of Greek art, and one containing introductory remarks on Greek sculpture. "Art of the Greeks" is, in fact, scarcely more than an *édition de luxe* of the little book. As such, if nothing more is looked for, it will be welcomed by many lovers of classical culture. But those who hoped for more and perhaps expected something to take the place of what Prof. A. Michaelis has done for German readers in his volume "Das Altertum" in A. Springer's *Handbuch der Kunstgeschichte*, will be disappointed. Though no bulkier, the German book is far richer, both in matter and in illustrations. In arrangement, however, Mr. Walters's work is superior. Professor Michaelis has chosen the strictly chronological order, dividing his subject into periods and showing the advance made in the different arts during each epoch. The result is that the development and decline of each branch of art cannot be followed with the same clearness as by Mr. Walters's method.

But it is not only that from so high an authority as H. B. Walters we had a right to expect a fuller treatment of the subject; there are omissions which, even within the narrow limits he has set himself, are hardly warranted. In the second chapter, "Beginnings of Greek Art," Mr. Walters gives a short account of the discoveries made in Crete and elsewhere during the last thirty years, which have revealed a pre-Hellenic civilization of the greatest importance. He fully recognizes that Crete was "the primary centre whence this culture was diffused throughout the Eastern Mediterranean," but in enumerating sites and giving illustrations (though he names many already well-known "Mycenean" cities both on the Greek mainland and on the Aegean islands, and though he devotes a whole page to illustrating the finds of this period from Cyprus), the only excavations he mentions on the island of Crete are those by Dr. A. Evans at Knossos. At least a bare mention of the Italian site at Phaestos, excavated under Prof. F. Halbherr, was demanded. The palace unearthed there is in many respects similar to that of Knossos, but with differences that are likely to prove crucial; and the vases, wall-paintings, and inscribed tablets are of singular interest.

We must also draw attention to a slight mistake made by Mr. Walters in his description of early Cretan civilization. On

page 142 he speaks of the pottery from Thera as being now antedated "by the extensive remains of early Cretan painted pottery, remarkable for their naturalism and brilliancy of color." These, he says, "belong to the period 3000-2000 B. C.," and "are known as Kamarais, or 'Early Minoan' ware." He is here referring to Dr. Evans's classification of Cretan pottery into Early Minoan, Middle Minoan, and Late Minoan. The Kamarais ware, however, is placed by Dr. Evans in the Middle Minoan, not the Early Minoan period, which is characterized by much more primitive pottery.

Another omission requires comment. In the year 1901, Prof. A. Furtwängler was commissioned by the Bavarian Prince Regent to make an investigation of the temple of Ægina and its surroundings, which had practically been left undisturbed since 1811, when Cockerell and Haller unearthed the pedimental groups, now the chief treasures of the Glyptothek at Munich. The results of this recent campaign have been published in two large quarto volumes, which appeared early this year. Numerous fragments belonging to the pediments have enabled Professor Furtwängler to advance a new theory as to their reconstruction. Though the new arrangement cannot be regarded as final, it is certain that Thorwaldsen's restoration cannot be right. Mr. Walters almost entirely ignores the recent discoveries. After stating that the sculptures in question were unearthed in 1811 and were largely restored by Thorwaldsen, he continues: "A few additions have been made from the recent excavations, but nothing of importance." And a little later: "The arrangement of the figures in the pediments is not absolutely certain, but that adopted by Thorwaldsen has been generally adhered to." The bibliography at the beginning of the book will be found most useful. But, again, we are surprised at the extraordinary gaps. Why, for instance, is T. H. Middleton's little book on *Ancient Gems* (1891) deemed so all-sufficient that Prof. A. Furtwängler's splendid publication in three volumes, "Die Antike Gemmen" (1900), is found unworthy of notice?

Among the recent accessions to the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, first shown to the public last Friday, are five architectural fragments from the Forum of Trajan, the gift of J. Pierpont Morgan; a small painting by Giovanni di Paolo, an Italian primitive, representing blessed souls received by angels in Paradise; "Madonna and Child," by Pesellino; "Madonna and Child," attributed to Pisanello; a pen drawing by Rembrandt, illustrating the scene from the "Book of Tobit," where Sara is exorcised of the devil Asmodeus through the prayer of her spouse, Tobias, over the burning fish livers; and seventeen pieces of fine Italian, French, and Belgian laces, presented by Mrs. Hamilton W. Cary.

The eleventh annual exhibition of the Water-Color Club of Washington has been opened in the Corcoran Gallery. The first Corcoran prize was awarded to "Boulevard Montparnasse," by H. Hobart Nichols; the second to "Gloucester Neck," by Sarah Sewall Monroe; and honorable mention to "The Home Field," by Robert Coleman Child, and to "A Day of Clouds," by Marianna Sloan.

Twenty-five pictures by Childe Hassam

are on view at Montross's gallery in this city till December 26. The collection, including works old and new, in oil, water-color, and pastel, represents excellently the range of the artist's work. It confirms his place as the foremost American exponent of the methods of the French impressionist school. The "Brooklyn Bridge" is possibly the finest of all the city scenes that have come from his brush.

The publication of a new mezzotint in colors by S. Arlent-Edwards, after the painting of Miss Davenport, by George Romney, and of an etching, "Cinderella," by Herbert Dicksee, is announced by Wunderlich & Co.

The University of Pennsylvania plans to begin excavations in Northern Egypt on a scale as elaborate as in the expeditions to Nippur, Babylonia. The expedition is to be equipped by Eckley Brinton Cox, Jr.

From his great numismatic collection, Dr. F. Parkes Weber has presented 5,551 pieces to the British Museum, embracing specimens of all ages and styles. A large number of the medals are the modern work of David d'Angers, Roty, and Scharff, and others who have hitherto been unrepresented in the museum.

Science.

Space and Geometry in the Light of Physiological, Psychological, and Physical Inquiry. By Dr. Ernst Mach. From the German by Thomas J. McCormack. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

To appreciate this important book, one must view it in its relation to certain modern movements in mathematical thought. It will be sufficient to mention here two of these movements, namely, the logical movement and another that may be significantly called the biological. The aim of the former has been to detect and enumerate all definite notions that are indefinable, and all definite propositions that are indemonstrable, to combine these into all possible sets of compatibles, and then by purely deductive processes to determine explicitly the implicit contents of the various sets. The method has been that of postulation and inference; the interest has been, not with actuality or with truth, but exclusively with consistency, or logical coherence. The march has followed two paths—the path of the well-known mathematical rigorists, and the path of modern logic, under the leadership of Boole of England, C. S. Peirce of America, Schröder of Germany, and especially Peano of Italy; and it has been found that these paths converge in the remarkable thesis that mathematics in its ideal form is symbolic logic, and that logic in its ideal form is symbolized mathematics. The effect has been to eliminate intuition, to detach mathematics from experience, from the sensuous world, from reality. To exemplify this tendency to nominalism, it is sufficient to refer to Hilbert's "Fundamental Principles of Geometry." In its attempt to dispense with intuition, this work out-Euclids Euclid by far; points, lines, and planes being nothing but names for undefined entities (replaceable by others) that satisfy a specific set of postulates, assumptions, or axioms.

Meanwhile another movement, originating in another motive, has been going on and rapidly gaining in distinctness and force. In this the aim has been to readjoin mathematics to reality and life, not in the sense of rendering mathematics more applicable to the natural sciences, but in the sense of showing that mathematical thought, however abstract or remote, has been evolved literally and continuously in accordance with the needs of the animal organism out of the most primitive elements or feelings of physiological experience. This is why the movement may be properly called biological. The leader in this great enterprise is Professor Mach, whose "Popular Scientific Lectures" and "Science of Mechanics" have quickened and enlightened both scientific and philosophic thought throughout the western world. The book in hand ought to be read and pondered by every teacher of mathematics and by every educated parent. Physiological space, the space of touch, the space of vision, the space of audition, the space of geometry, the agreements and differences of these, feelings of motions and velocities and accelerations, the biological functions of all these things—such are among the striking themes here treated in a way scarcely less remarkable for its answers than for its questions. The Kantian philosopher will find here reason to reconsider his master's doctrine of space and time. The psychologist will gain startling glimpses of the relations of modern psychology to modern mathematics. And the mathematician of the analyst type will gain a wholesome sense of the fact that the purest offspring of his thought may trace a legitimate genealogy back and down to physical and physiological parentage. Indeed, the stream of the author's discourse contains the waters of many confluent sciences.

The translation is wellnigh perfect. And the publishers are again to be congratulated on their excellent judgment and their generosity in the service of science.

The Log of the Sun. A Chronicle of Nature's Year. By C. William Beebe, with Illustrations by Walter King Stone. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$3.50 net.

Mr. Beebe has chosen a pleasing title for this series of attractive essays, a number of which have already appeared in the *Evening Post* and other publications. While occasional repetition shows that they were not prepared especially for use in the present connection, as a rule they supplement one another admirably and, without too evident an effort at seasonableness, lead us from January to December. The habits and interrelationships of mammals, birds, reptiles, insects, some forms of sea-life, plants and trees, supply texts for the fifty-two short sketches, one for each week, which, the author tells us, are designed "to inspire enthusiasm in those whose eyes are just opening to the wild beauties of God's out-of-doors."

Few popular writers on nature have the special training required to cover properly so wide a field. Courses in biology generally lead to specialization and a self-centred existence, with a subsequent drying up of the wells of human interests beyond those which immediately concern us. Popularization of nature, therefore, has too often been left to those who are ill-

prepared for the task, with results which have led the public far from the truth in search of animals existing only in their authors' unchecked imaginations. Mr. Beebe, however, has passed through the years of his technical training without losing the freshness of his point of view. His mind responds to the varied stimuli of nature as quickly as a boy's, and with equal enthusiasm and accuracy he presents the results of his observations. We find only one false note in the present volume, and this was sung by a "bob-white" in January! The author's style is more than usually readable; but, while he is not lacking in originality of ideas or expression, his essays would gain in force if they were not, so to speak, all set to the same tune. This monotony of method, however, will doubtless not impress the reader who goes to the book for a breath of mental fresh air, and, rightly, does not take his year out-of-doors at a sitting.

The work of the illustrator ranks in importance with that of the author. Mr. Stone supplies appropriate chapter headings, text cuts, and a full-page drawing, reproduced in flat tints, for each week of the year. Sketchy vistas of country roads and lanes bordered by the now fast-disappearing rail-fences, show Mr. Stone's art at its best. His mammals are excellent, but in bird portraiture he is less convincing, success here seeming to require a special interest in the bird, which makes an artist primarily an ornithologist. The publishers have spared no expense in the preparation of this sumptuous volume. A comparison of it with a copy of the first (and virtually unsold) edition of Thoreau's "Week" is a striking comment on our changed attitude towards nature.

The New York Botanical Garden has lately received nearly seventy-five new species of cacti. Most of them were obtained in the elevated desert valleys of Mexico by Dr. Daniel Trembly Macdougall, of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and Dr. J. N. Rose of the United States National Museum. The collection in New York is now rivalled only by the collections in the Royal Gardens at Kew, England; the botanical garden at Berlin, and the outdoor gardens of Sir John Hanbury at La Mortola, Italy.

The Berlin Academy of Sciences some time ago instructed Prof. H. Diels, in conjunction with Prof. G. Schöne, to make preliminary examinations of the large number of classical manuscripts extant dealing with medicine; and the first volume, treating of Hippocrates and Galen, has just been issued.

Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn has announced that he will not accept the secretaryship of the Smithsonian Institution, but will stay with the American Museum of Natural History in this city.

Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi, who died at Rome last Friday, was best known as the physician who attended Leo XIII. But aside from his prominence as a physician, he had occupied the chair of applied anthropology in the Roman Academy, and as an outgrowth of the lectures delivered before the Academy, he published, in 1906, a summary of his views on occult phenomena, entitled "Hypnotism and Spiritualism" ("Ipnotismo e Spiritismo"). The volume is of interest not merely as a contribution to the subject

of psychic research, but as an official and accredited expression of Roman Catholic opinion along these lines.

Dr. Ferdinand Henrotin, for twenty-five years one of the most prominent physicians of Chicago, died on Sunday. He was born in Brussels in 1847 and came to this country when a boy. He was connected with a number of Chicago hospitals; and he has written many monographs on gynecology and other medical topics.

The natural history library of the late Andrew J. Lloyd is to be offered at auction by C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston on December 18 and 19. Audubon's *Birds*, 7 v., 1840-1844, the first octavo edition; the *Quadrupeds*, 3 v., 1854; Michaux's "North American Sylva," with the continuation by Nuttall, 5 v., 1859; Baird, Brewer and Ridgway's *Land and Water Birds*, 3 v., 1875-1884; Donovan's "British Insects," 8 v., 1792-1799; Hovey's "Fruits of America," 2 v., 1852-1856; Sowerby's "English Botany," 28 v., 1790-1808; Stephen's "British Entomology," 12 v., 1828-1846, are among the important books with colored plates. There are long runs of a number of scientific periodicals.

Finance.

THE ATTACK ON "TIGHT MONEY."

An interesting attack on New York rates for money was made last week Thursday at the monthly meeting of the Chamber of Commerce. The day before the meeting, rates on the Stock Exchange for loans payable on demand, went as high as 32 per cent. While the meeting was in session, they touched 28, and no demand loans were made that day for less than 20 per cent. The next day, they reached 36; this week, they have been at 38 again. The excessive rates are not new, however, even for the present year. In September, "call money" was loaned at 40 per cent.; last April at 30 per cent. At the end of December, 1905, there was a momentary Wall Street rate of 125 per cent. There have been times—notably in 1899 and 1890—when Stock Exchange loans on demand were made at 186 per cent.

The Chamber of Commerce adopted a resolution instructing its committee on finance and currency to report to it later "upon the practicability of devising measures through which the interest rate beyond 6 per cent. upon call loans made at the New York Stock Exchange can be better regulated than is the case at present." This resolution was adopted after a speech by Jacob H. Schiff, head of the international banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., in which he described these high rates as barbarous. Mr. Schiff further declared that such rates "must in the long run be destructive of the best interests of the country." He added that "there must be means to better regulate such a state of affairs," and that "such means may be actual methods or moral methods." In general, Mr. Schiff's denunciation of the high rates merely repeated what he said in a speech at the Chamber of Commerce last January. He then asserted that the 50 and 125 per cent. call money rates of the period were "a disgrace to any civilized country," and he wound up with the

striking prediction that "if this condition of affairs is not changed, and changed soon, we shall get a panic compared with which the three which have preceded it would be only child's play."

Exactly what is this "call money market," whose rates excite such misgiving? How do lenders escape the 6 per cent. maximum rate of the usury law? This happens because of explicit exemption of "call loans" in the statute. The New York interest law of 1882 reads:

In any case in which advances of money repayable on demand, to an amount not less than \$5,000, are made upon warehouse receipts, bills of lading, certificates of stock, certificates of deposit, bills of exchange, bonds, or other negotiable instruments pledged as collateral security for such repayment, it shall be lawful to receive, or contract to receive and collect, as compensation for making such advances, any sum to be agreed upon, in writing, by the parties to such transaction.

So much for the law; next as to the practice. Such rates as those quoted above are paid only by Stock Exchange brokers or speculators, who have purchased stocks with borrowed money and are holding them for the rise. In one corner of the Stock Exchange stand the agents of the banks, offering the "balances of the day" as other brokers offer stocks, and receiving a commission of one-thirty-second of one per cent. on loans effected, where a sale of stocks brings one-eighth of one per cent. commission. To this so-called "loan crowd" go the brokers who are buying stocks and want to procure the necessary money. In the "loan crowd" are paid the spectacular call loan rates. They are rarely paid for more than a day or two. No broker or speculator in his senses would continue, for any length of time, to pay 25 or 50 per cent. interest for money to finance an undertaking; all his profits would surely be eaten up in interest.

A Wall Street borrower will often pay such rates, when he might get a two-months' loan for 6 per cent., or, at the worst, for 6 per cent. plus a "commission" which would bring up the annual rate to 8 or 9. He expects the call money rate presently to fall below 6 per cent. again—perhaps to 3 or 4—and, moreover, he can pay off his "call loan" whenever his speculation is closed up; whereas with a sixty-day loan, he might realize on his stock venture within a week, and yet be left for eight weeks longer with interest running against him. In times of extravagant speculation for the rise, therefore, the Stock Exchange clamors for "call money." But as such speculation naturally accompanies great activity in general trade, resources of lending institutions are absorbed already in ordinary business loans. To provide for Wall Street, the New York bank pays smaller interior institutions to give it the use of their own deposits.

This new money the New York banker will not lend out in long-time loans, because he knows that when interior trade grows active—as at harvest time—the little banks will ask for money again. But a "call loan" on the Stock Exchange is open to no such objection; if the Western bank telegraphs for repayment, the New York institution calls in the loan from Wall Street. When, however, a hundred or

more of such notices from "the interior" arrive simultaneously, the Stock Exchange suddenly finds the support of its speculation undermined. If the speculator gives up his borrowed money, he must sell his stocks, and probably at a loss. Therefore he bids an inviting rate of interest, with the idea, either of persuading the inland bank to postpone its call, or of inducing the city bank to trench on its own legally required reserve. In the present season, Wall Street speculators have used both inducements, and both have been successful. It is not at all strange, however, when the position of the lenders is considered, that the borrower should in such circumstances find it necessary to bid abnormally high rates.

This is the simple explanation of 35 and 50 and 100 per cent. call money in New York. Much has been made of the fact that no other great money market has such rates to show. But in that there is nothing mysterious. No other American market deals in "call loans" on such a scale; no foreign market uses the redeposited funds of outside banks on the Stock Exchange with such profusion. Mr. Schiff, in last week's speech, intimated that greedy institutions were to blame, stating "that one of the prominent financial institutions of this city makes it a rule, when money in the morning is only .6 or .7 per cent., to call its loans, and to wait until the rate has advanced—which it naturally does in consequence of large calls—to consent to loan its money again." There unquestionably have been such cases, and Mr. Schiff was right in saying that moral pressure ought to be applied to the offenders. But it is one thing to show how somebody took advantage of an abnormal situation, and quite another to show what caused it. Unless an unnatural condition existed in money and stock markets, justifying unnaturally high rates for money, a bank which did this would probably find, towards the close of the day, that it could not get even the forenoon price. Other local and out-of-town lenders would have "filled the market."

When, therefore, one is told that unless the exorbitant money rates are stopped, we shall have a panic, he will be wise in looking behind the excessive rates to see what caused them. If he finds that cause to be reckless speculation on an insufficient or unstable supply of capital, he will conclude that the high rates will stop when the rash speculation stops, and that if a panic comes, it will have been caused, not by the money quotations, but by the speculation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Alger, Horatio, jr. *The Young Musician*. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.
- Baldwin, James Mark. *Mental Development in the Child and in the Race*. Macmillan Co. \$2.25 net.
- Barine, Arède. *Princesses and Court Ladies*. Putnam's. \$3 net.
- Brunetière, Ferdinand. *Honoré De Balzac*. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$1.50 net.
- Chadwick, John White. *Cap'n Chadwick*. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 60 cents net.
- Christmas Selections for Readings and Recitations. Compiled by R. L. McNaught. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co. 30 cents.
- Collyer, Robert. *Father Taylor*. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 80 cents net.
- Crosby, Edward. *Radiana*. Boston: The Ivy Press.
- Curtis, Alice Turner. *The Little Runaways*. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.
- Day, Mrs. Frank R. *The Princess of Manoa*. Paul Elder & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Dean, Bashford. *Chimeroid Fishes and their Development*. Washington: Carnegie Institute.
- Dietzel, H. *Retaliatory Duties*. Translated by D. W. Simon. A. Wessels Co. 75 cents.
- Dimond, Mary B. *A Century of Misquotations*. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.
- D'Ollone, Capitaline. *La Chine*. Paris: Armand Colin.
- Elder, Paul. *Mosaic Essays*. Paul Elder & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Ellot, Charles W. *Four American Leaders*. 2 vols. Boston: Am. Unitarian Assoc. 80 cents net.
- Ellot's *Romola*. Edited by Guido Biagi. 2 vols. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
- Ellis, Edward S. *The Hunt of the White Elephant*. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. \$1.
- Fear Not. Paul Elder & Co. 75 cents net.
- Freeman, John R. *On the Safeguarding of Life in Theatres*. Am. Soc. of Mechanical Engineers.
- Gibson, Charles. *The Spirit of Love and Other Poems*. Published by the author.
- Gotthell, Richard J. H. *Syriac Julian Romance*. Leiden: E. J. Brill.
- Grant, Ethel Watts-Mumford and Richard B. Glænzner. *The Auto Guest Book*. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.
- Haines, Jennie Day. *Sunday Symphonies*.—Ye Gardeyne Boke. Paul Elder & Co. \$1.50 net, each.
- Hauling, Carolina A. *Letters of a Business Woman to Her Niece*. R. F. Fenn & Co.
- Hill, David Jayne. *A History of Diplomacy in the International Development of Europe*. Vol. II. Longmans. \$5 net.
- Hinckley, Frank E. *American Consular Jurisdiction in the Orient*. Washington: W. H. Lowdermilk & Co.
- Hohenlobe-Schillingsfuerst. *Memoirs of Prince Chlodwig of*. Translated by G. W. Chrystal. 2 vols. Macmillan Co. \$6 net.
- Holliday, Carl. *A History of Southern Literature*. Neale Publishing Co. \$2.50.
- Howard, Burt Estes. *The Shepherd's Question*. Boston: Am. Unitarian Assoc. 80 cents net.
- Ingersoll, Ernest. *Eight Secrets*. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- Jones, Johnny. *Book of Nature—Wonders of the Deep*. Paul Elder & Co. 25 cents net, each.
- Jordan, David Starr. *Life's Enthusiasms*. Boston: Am. Unitarian Assoc. 80 cents net.
- Joslin, Sarah Proctor. *The Major Stories*. Published privately.
- Knick Knacks. Compiled by H. L. Googins. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.
- Koenigsberger, Leo. *Hermann von Helmholtz*. Translated by Frances A. Welby. Henry Frowde. 16s. net.
- Leas Arabian Nights. Edited by Stanley Lane-Poole. Vol. II. Macmillan Co.
- Larsson, Gustaf. *Elementary Sloyd and Whittling*. Silver, Burdett & Co.
- Leighton, William. *Florentine Sonnets*. Florence, Lewis. Judd Mortimer. *Lilts o' Love*. Houston, Tex.: J. V. Dealy Co.
- Leyds, W. J. *The First Annexation of the Transvaal*. A. Wessels Co. \$6.30.
- Levissove, M. S. *The New Art of an Ancient People. The Work of Ephraim More Liden*. B. W. Huebsch. 75 cents.
- Librarian of Congress. *Report of the*. Washington, Littmann, Leo. *Gedanken in Liedern*. Leipzig.
- Living Church Annual, 1907. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. 35 cents.
- Lowell, Percival. *Mars and its Canals*. Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.
- McIntyre, John T. *Sketches, Skits, and Stunts*. 50 cents. With John Paul Jones. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.
- Madan, A. C. *Wisa Handbook*. Henry Frowde.
- Madison, Lucy Foster. *A Maid of Salem Town*. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.
- Massé, H. J. L. J. Oxford. Imported by Scribners. \$1 net.
- Molmenti, Pompeo. *Venice*. Translated by Horatio F. Brown. 2 vols. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$5 net.
- More, Paul Elmer. *Shelburne Essays*. Fourth Series. Putnam's. \$1.25 net.
- Morris, Charles. *Heroes of the Army in America*. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$1.25 net, each.
- Morrow, Albert S. *The Immediate Care of the Injured*. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. \$2.50 net.
- Murrell, Mrs. David Gamble. *What Marjorie Saw Abroad*. Neale Publishing Co.
- Napoleon's Last Voyages. Edited by J. Holland Rose. Imported by Scribners. \$3 net.
- Nelson's Encyclopedia. Edited by F. M. Colby and G. Sandeman. Vol. IX. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
- Olin, Charles H. *Ventriloquism—Journalism*. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.
- Otis, James. *Among the Fur Traders*. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.
- Paulin, Charles Oscar. *The Navy of the American Revolution*. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co.
- Philosophy of Ingersoll. Edited by Vere Goldthwaite. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Pike, Oliver G. *In Bird-Land*. A. Wessels Co. 60 cents.
- Plutarque de Montaigne. Edited by Grace Norton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25 net.
- Raymond, Ibbie. *S'Ancret*.
- Rose, Elsie Whitlock. *Cathedrals and Cloisters of the South of France*. 2 vols. Putnam's. \$5 net.
- Royal Historical Society. *Transactions of the*. Vol. XX. London.
- Shoemaker's Best Selections for Readings and Recitations. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co. 30 cents.
- Sir Thomas Lawrence's Letter-Bag. Edited by George S. Leyard. Longman's. \$4 net.
- Songs for Schools. Compiled by Charles H. Farnsworth. Macmillan Co. 60 cents net.
- Sophocles' *Antigone*. Translated by Robert White-law. Henry Frowde. 1s. net.
- Spots, or Two Hundred and Two Cleansers. Compiled by Clarice T. Courvoisier. Paul Elder & Co. 75 cents net.
- Tatham, Frederick. *The Letters of William Blake*. Imported by Scribners. \$2 net.
- Ten Years of Princeton University. F. P. McBreen & Co.

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Edited by Marion E. Potter. Minneapolis: H. W.
Wilson Co.
Warde, Margaret. Betty Wales, Junior. Phila-
delphia: Penn Publishing Co.
Waterman, Nixon. "Boy Wanted." Chicago:
Forbes & Co. \$1.25.

Watson, Helen H. Andrew Goodfellow: A Tale of
1805. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
Westell, W. Percival. British Bird Life. A. Wes-
sels Co. \$1.25.
What Is Man? De Vinne Press.
Wilde, Oscar. Decorative Art in America. Bren-
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Williams, Victor Wyatt. "Hello Bill"; Toasts.
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Wise and Otherwise. Philadelphia: Penn Publish-
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Yeats, William B. Poetical Works, Vol. I.: Lyric-
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